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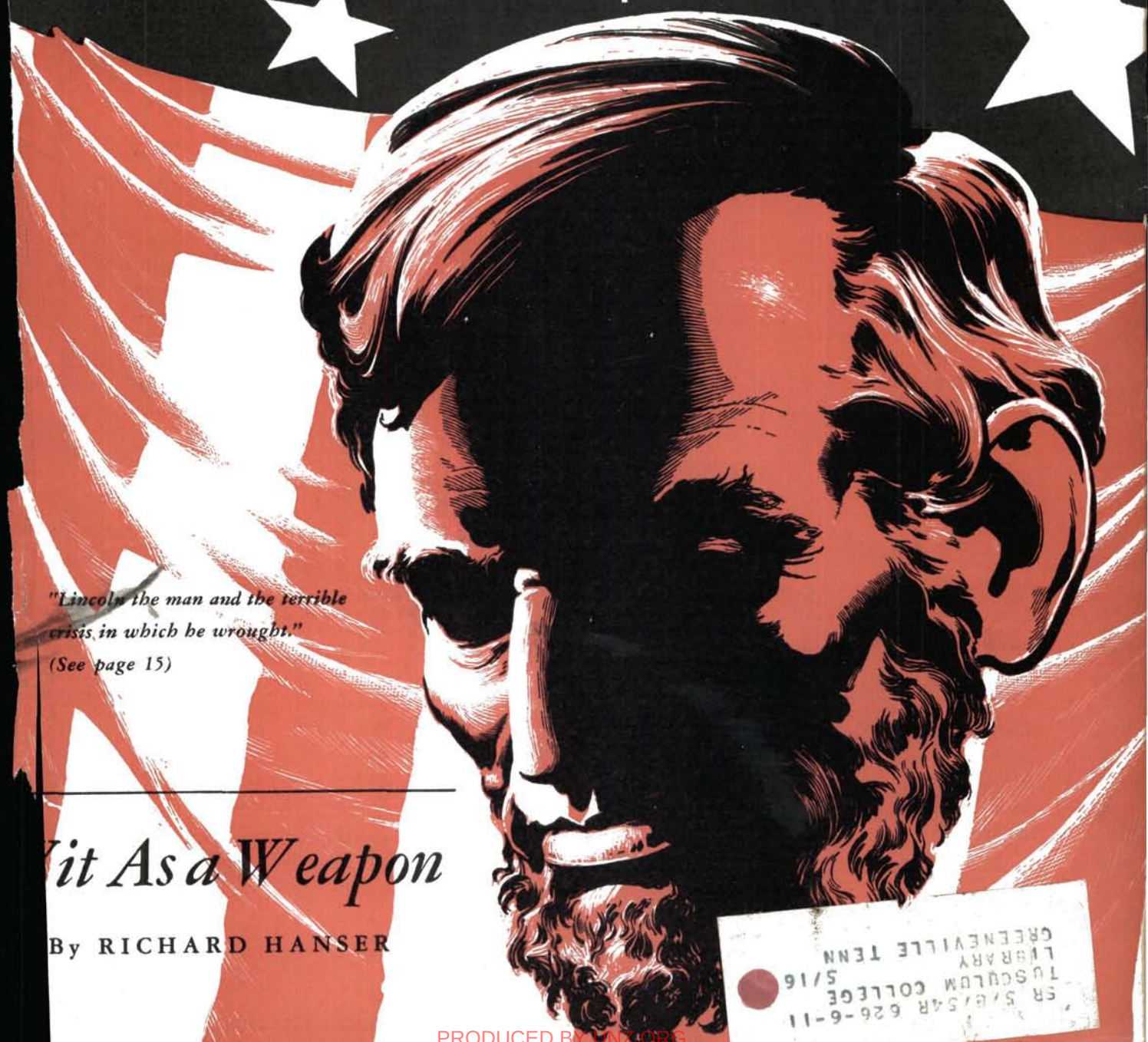
By SAXE COMMINS



"Lincoln the man and the terrible crisis in which he wrought."

(See page 15)

Wit As a Weapon

By RICHARD HANSER

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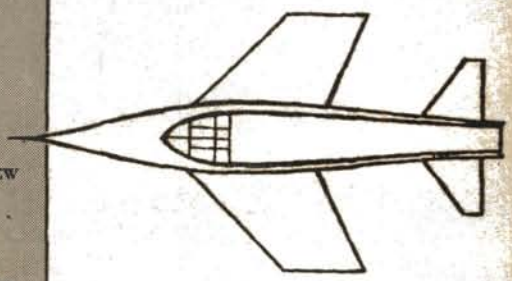

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   TRUE_____FALSE_____?
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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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IT IS NOT OFTEN that a publisher can take credit for bringing out a book that is truly *sui generis* (a Latin phrase which, as I am occasionally constrained to point out to my junior colleagues, means "in a class by itself").

¶ Eleanor Clark's "Rome and A Villa" is such a book. A subtle evocation of the essence of the Eternal City, written in an appropriately distinguished – though not uncomplicated style – "Rome and A Villa" is a book which demands careful attention from its reader. And we at Doubleday take particular pride in the fact that this book has been both a critical and commercial success.

¶ Now the Oxford University Press has published a book as unique in its way as "Rome and A Villa." Like Miss Clark's book, J. C. Masterman's "To Teach the Senators Wisdom" is concerned with a place. But while "Rome and A Villa" might be called a guidebook in the form of essays, "To Teach the Senators Wisdom" is a guidebook in the form of a novel.

¶ The book's plot is a simple one. Eight fellows of an Oxford college are requested to prepare a guided tour for three important American personages. The book is made up of their discussions as to just what of Oxford the visitors should see and be told about. Out of their urbane, witty and, especially, informed conversation there comes an unusual picture of the history, organization and meaning of Oxford.

¶ "To Teach the Senators Wisdom," like "Rome and A Villa," is not a book for every taste. But for the connoisseur of novels about British universities – including not only "Zuleika Dobson" and "Gaudy Night," but also "The Masters," C. P. Snow's brilliant novel of faculty life – this is required collateral reading.

I have said it was *sui generis*. But to paraphrase an earlier editor, I am confident that the right reader will not find it *sui generis* to a fault.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

¶ This space has been reserved by Doubleday for periodic informal comments on the reading, writing and publishing of books.

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The Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 8, 1952

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Good News

▶ A half-million pocket-sized, paperback books have been shipped to India as an experiment to give that country's English-speaking population of six-and-a-half million persons a well-rounded, vivid picture of American life. More than one hundred selected titles will be distributed to each of 4,500 U. S. Information Service libraries to be lent without red tape.

▶ For the first time in medical history a human patient has been supplied with an artificial heart-valve made of plastic. The remarkable operation was performed by Dr. Charles Hufnagle at Georgetown University Medical Center in Washington, D. C. The patient, a thirty-year-old housewife, who recently was in constant danger of sudden death, is now back home reportedly doing "very well."

▶ U. S. soldiers of the 966th Engineers Field Maintenance Company stationed in Stuttgart, Germany, collected more than $1,500 to save a local orphanage condemned to close because of bad sanitation. The soldiers also built swings, seesaws, and sandboxes for the playground in their spare time.

▶ Labor relations between the Clothing Manufacturers' Association and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers have been marked by such harmony and maturity of viewpoint that no strikes have been reported in the shops of Association members for twenty years. These 850 manufacturers, employing 150,000 workers and producing 90 per cent of all men's and boys' clothing in the country, have, as a result of union cooperation, been enabled to devote more attention to improving their product, lowering prices and at the same time increasing wages, shortening hours, and introducing important social welfare benefits for the employes.

▶ The Altro Work Shops, Inc., is a garment factory in the Bronx, N. Y., where men and women convalescing from tuberculosis and cardiac ailments have an opportunity to continue work habits so they may lead useful lives despite their handicaps. Now celebrating its thirty-seventh year as a non-profit, non-sectarian organization, it has served nearly two thousand patients since its inception. As a pioneer institution in its field Altro, which manufactures hospital uniforms and similar garments and sells them in the ordinary channels of trade on a competitive basis, has inspired similar ventures in Great Britain, New Zealand, and Australia.

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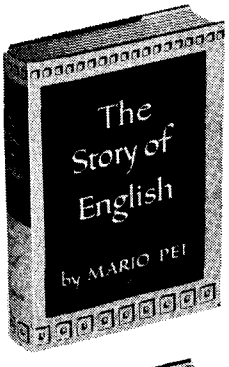

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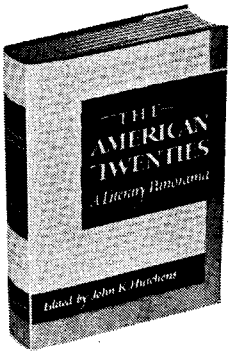

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TRADE Winds

ELECTION AFTERMATH that might interest Mr. Pegler: There is a bookshop in Greenwich Village that caters to a rather off-beat clientele, not the least pernickety of whom is a wizened little old lady from Vermont who, as might be expected, has been a dyed-in-the-wool Republican all her life. The bookseller was duly startled, therefore, when on her last visit she suddenly announced, "That Eleanor Roosevelt! She's a real lady!" Asked to elucidate, she said that during the Republican Convention she had not taken her eyes off the television set and, being a rather observant gal for her age, had become rather fond, at a distance, of the little man who had the job of adjusting the height of the microphone to each speaker. She thought he did his job gracefully and well, and even toyed with the notion of writing to tell him that *someone* at least appreciated what he was doing.

When the Democratic Convention rolled around the old lady couldn't resist watching that, too. In particular, she wanted to see if the little man would get his job again. Well, he did, and back she went to watching him lower the mike and raise the mike as speaker after speaker mounted the rostrum. "And what do you think?" concluded the old lady. "Of the numberless people who got up to that microphone during both conventions, either to say a few words or, too often, to talk forever, Eleanor was the only one who, upon having the microphone adjusted, had the grace to say thank you." A far-away look came into her eyes. "Oh, dear," she sighed. "If only she was a Republican!"

HAS THE SALE of paper-backed quarter, thirty-five cent, and fifty-cent books hit at least a temporary peak? Pioneers in the field continue spewing forth their product in record numbers, with newcomers further swelling the total each month, and profit-and-loss statements still provide cheerful reading, but there is increasing evidence that public resistance has been met, and that inventories of distributors and retailers the country over are beginning to reach disturbing proportions.

AUTHORS' MIGRATIONS: Lion Feuchtwanger's back, and Messner's got him. Coming in the spring: his new novel, " 'Tis Folly to Be Wise." A. B. Guthrie has moved to Houghton Mifflin, Paul Gallico to Doubleday, and Alice Tisdale Hobart to Longmans, Green. . . . Look alikes: Television star Lloyd Nolan and Doubleday bigwig Milt Runyon; Victor Weybright and Charles Laughton; Kay Archer and Marilyn Monroe. . . . Harry Scherman, BOMC chairman, has come

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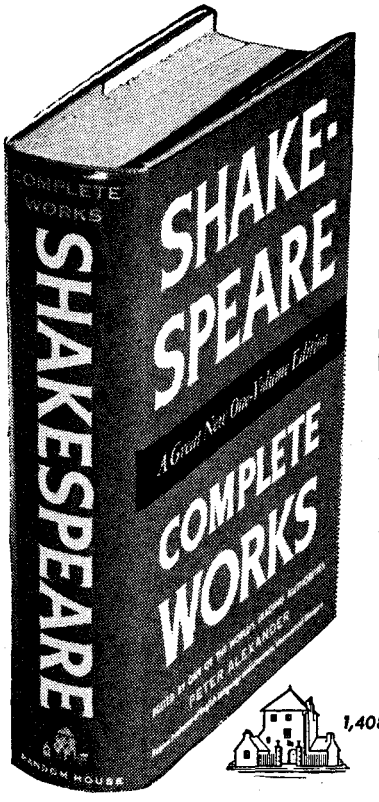

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Splendored Thing," by Han Suyin, and is concerned with the passionate, ill-fated love affair of an English official and a lovely Chinese girl who has achieved a doctor's degree. Memorable are the descriptions of life in the overcrowded, apprehensive Hong Kong of today. . . . When Charles Francis Coe, whose newest novel, "Ashes," is being dramatized for Broadway under the aegis of Max Gordon, last had a story in *The Saturday Evening Post* he wrote the editors, "I've just reread my story, and I must say I think it's a corker." Back

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 490

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 490 will be found in the next issue.

GLAD LO B CURBED IMBI LO

MUNDHBTF KUPQF.

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 489

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—BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

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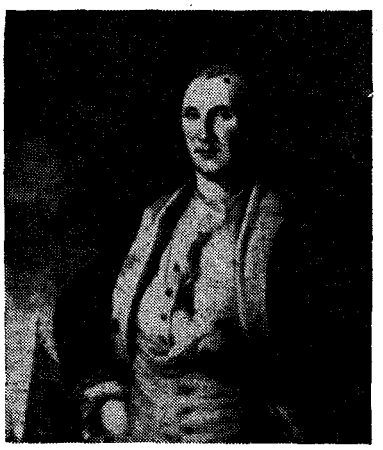

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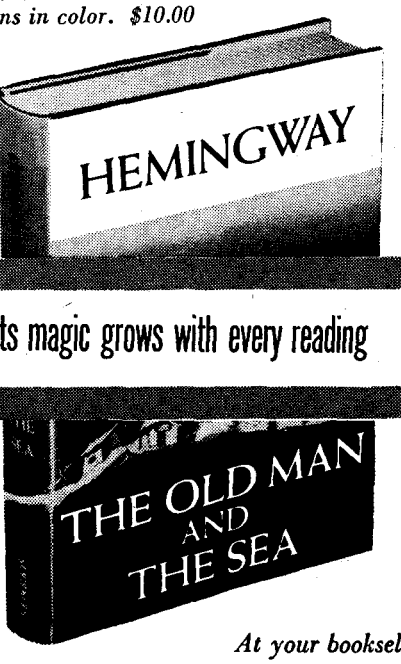

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came a note from the editors, saying, "We, too, enjoyed your story. In fact, we've had one very enthusiastic letter about it."

ON FORTY-SECOND STREET the *New York Daily News*'s Inquiring Photographer buttonholed Taylor Caldwell and asked, "Financially, what does a best seller mean to an author?" Miss Caldwell, who did not seem entirely unprepared for the question, answered, "It means nothing except, of course, ten to forty years of rejection slips, education, hope, prayer, despair, and ultimate poverty. It means working for nothing for a whole lifetime and then, suddenly, the bonanza. It means having the Internal Revenue Bureau ignore your years of struggling without an income when you get the bonanza, so that all is taken from you. It means endless loneliness and work, for, to pay the taxes on the bonanza, you must immediately whip your exhausted mind and body into a fresh effort, which may or may not pay off. It means smiling and smiling when meeting the public, when you are really terrified as to your future. It means wishing you had taken up dishwashing or factory work or bricklaying as a career. Then, at least, you know you will eat—at the expense of somebody else. Why, then, do we write? God only knows."

IF MISS CALDWELL THINKS a best-selling novelist's lot is not a happy one, how would she like to be a *poet*? Georgie S. Galbraith outlines the plight of present-day rhymesters in "From Bard to Verse":

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Had ye lived today on earth;

Had ye, Homer, Ovid, Horace,
This year raised your lilting chorus;
Had ye, Chaucer, Donne, and Heine,
Shaped your deathless lays and shiny
Here in 1952,
I'd have never heard of you.

These are times, believe me, Bards,
When a publisher regards
Poets as a fiscal bane.
Cook-books sell; so does Spillane;
Even tomes on building muscles.
But, like buggy-whips and bustles,
Poetry's outlived its day.
Rhyme, like reason, doesn't pay.

Bards, ye'd now be to the Trade
As pariahs. Ye would fade,
With the golden wreath ye minted,
Broke, unhonored, and unprinted!

ONE WAY IN WHICH downtrodden authors and versifiers might stash away a stray buck or two would be to store their Cadillacs and Jaguars in the same Flushing garage patronized by Edward McNamee. It appears that the attendants in this garage are a particularly careless lot, forever damaging the cars they handle. One evening Mr. McNamee did a little damaging on his own account, backing his car into a stone wall and demolishing his tail light and rear fenders. He left the car at his garage without comment. When he called for it a few days later he was amazed to discover that no trace of the damage remained. The car looked like new. The attendant he questioned burst out laughing, then whispered, "I'd skip the whole thing if I was you, Mister. The boss took it for granted we had caused all that damage and had it repaired at his own expense before you could find out about it."

—BENNETT CERF.

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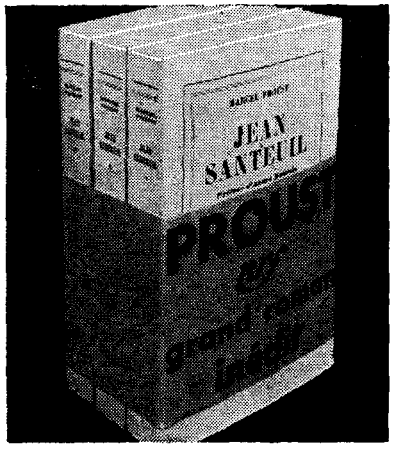

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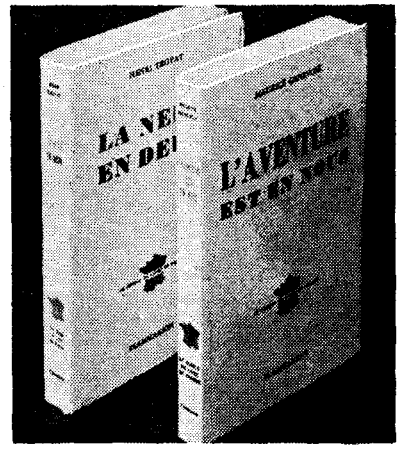

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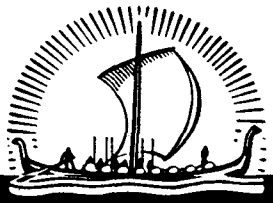

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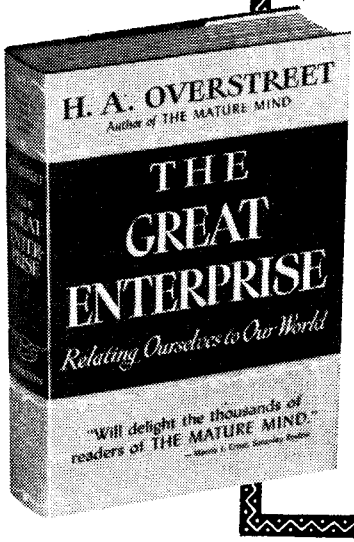
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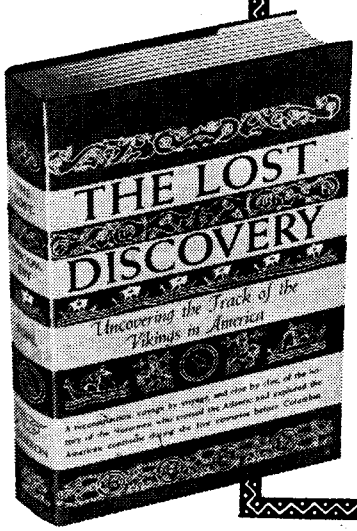

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The Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 8, 1952

Wit As a Weapon

RICHARD HANSER

IN Prague, the story goes, a Czech official came upon President Klement Gottwald carrying an open umbrella on a lovely summer day. "Why the umbrella?" the friend asked in amazement, "on such a beautiful day!" "Haven't you heard?" Gottwald replied. "It's raining in Moscow."

In Rumania they tell this one: A thief broke into Party headquarters in Bucharest and got away with an unusually valuable haul. He made off with the election returns for the next three years.

In Poland this story has been making the rounds: Little Ladislaw was called upon to recite for the benefit of a Communist official checking up on education under the Polish People's Republic. "Who is your father?" the teacher asked.

"Stalin," said Ladislaw promptly, "the father of all progress."

"Very good," said teacher. "And who is your mother?"

"The Soviet Union, mother of all peace-loving people."

"Excellent!" the official broke in. "And now tell me, my little man. What would you like to be when you grow up?"

"An orphan," replied little Ladislaw.

Richard Hanser has written for the movies, television, and magazines, has translated several books from the German, and during World War II made psychological warfare broadcasts to German soldiers over Allied transmitters.

And in Russia they are telling a joke that goes like this: Molotov reported to Stalin that Soviet science had just made a sensational discovery: Adam and Eve, the first humans, were Russians! "But what if the Voice of America calls this merely propaganda?" the Premier demanded. "What proof have we?" "The best," Molotov replied. "Adam and Eve had no clothes. They had no roof over their heads. They lived on apples, and they thought they were in Paradise. They *must* have been Russians."

Today millions behind the Iron Curtain are finding that humor is one of the few weapons still available in the struggle between freedom and oppression. In our day the political joke is often the only means by which the slave-citizen can express, however furtively, his defiance of his masters.

Though the press can be shackled and the radio controlled, no method has yet been devised of regulating what the people say among themselves. Secret agents and stool-pigeons cannot hear every whisper that passes between friends at the workbench, in the family circle, among passengers on a crowded bus or housewives in a queue. And on this level, where the people still dare to say what they really think, the forbidden joke finds its origins, its audience, and its transmission belt.

In a free country, where it is always open season on politicians and even the Chief Executive must submit to the venom of opposition wits, it seems fantastic that a mere joke should be deemed a menace to the state and punished accordingly. But every tyranny has a horror of heresy, including heretical humor. The political joke, no matter how feeble, is looked upon as a symptom of opposition, a lack of that unthinking reverence which totalitarianism demands. Imprisonment, the concentration camp, and slave labor are the penalties that threaten those who dare to mock.

But millions do dare. Everywhere behind the Iron Curtain illicit humor flourishes. A whole body of what Germans in the Soviet Zone call *Flüsterwitze*—whisper jokes—has grown up. As with the off-color anecdote among us, no one knows exactly how they start or how they circulate with such incredible rapidity. But an anti-Communist quip invented in a Budapest bistro today will be whispered in Bucharest tomorrow, and in Czech and Polish the day after. It will elude the most vigilant secret police in its travels, slip undetected past border guards, penetrate unhindered to the remotest corners. And in its wandering it will touch uncounted thousands with its virus infection of ridicule and contempt.

THE role of the political joke in a dictatorship was amply documented under the Nazis. The Hitler regime, like Stalin's, was totally devoid of humor. Deprived by iron control of all ordinary outlets of open expression, the people turned instinctively to

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derogatory quips, stories, and epigrams to give vent to their feelings about those who held the whip. The jokes at once assumed a significance far beyond their actual content. They were sub-surface glints of truth that pierced the fog of official propaganda.

So prolific were the Germans at inventing these small but poisonous shafts of dissent that when the war ended a certain Alexander Meier had collected 800 of them, enough to fill a book—which was duly published under the title of *"Geflüstertes: die Hitlerei im Volksmund."* Meier collected his jokes in constant terror of discovery. It could have meant his head, as he well knew, if his collection were discovered. Some of his friends accused him of endangering his family with his peculiar hobby, but he kept doggedly at it. Whenever he heard a new one he scribbled it on a scrap of paper and squirreled it away in a strong box with a false bottom. He was always afraid that a bomb would blow his house apart and reveal his hidden hoard of contraband witticisms. "Younger readers," he says, "will hardly be able to conceive the pressure under which these jokes were created and circulated. . . ."

Political jokes began to circulate almost with the first day of Hitler's seizure of power and continued to the bitter end, every new event and political turn promptly bringing with it a fresh batch of quips and jibes. The jokes not only kept pace with events, but often had a surprising prophetic quality. A stamp series in honor of the Axis was issued at a time when that partnership seemed unbreakably strong, but the Germans commented that the Axis was in such shape that it had to be glued together with postage stamps. They argued that Mussolini had at least one thing Hitler didn't have—a strong ally.

THE Third Reich did not, of course, collapse because people made irreverent cracks about it, and Communism will not be done in by unregenerate jesters, either. But there is no way of estimating how many deluded Nazis and Fascists had their eyes opened, how many blind believers had their faith shaken, how many timid dissenters were strengthened by hearing a satirical, searing story that cut through the pretensions of propaganda to the truth of the matter.

The significance attributed to these stories even on the highest levels is clearly shown in the war diaries of the Axis leaders. Goebbels notes with shock and indignation that even Colonel General Alfred Jodl, Hitler's personal chief of staff, "has begun to tell jokes on the Fuehrer!" Goebbels took it as a symptom of subversion and decay in the High Command. When Count Ciano, as Italian foreign minister, began to have his doubts about Hungary he transcribed into his diary "a little story which is going the rounds in Budapest." He regarded it as a further sign of uncertainty and uneasiness in Admiral Horthy's wavering regime:

Hungary declares war on the Allies, but the American official who receives the communication is not very well informed on European matters and hence poses several questions.

"Is Hungary a republic?" he asks.

"No, it is a kingdom."

"Then you have a king?"

"No, we have an admiral."

"Then you have a fleet?"

"No, we do not have any sea."

"Do you have any claims, then?"

"Yes."

"Against America?"

"No."

"Against England?"

"No."

"Against Russia?"

"No."

"But against whom do you have these claims?"

"Against Rumania."

"Then will you declare war on Rumania?"

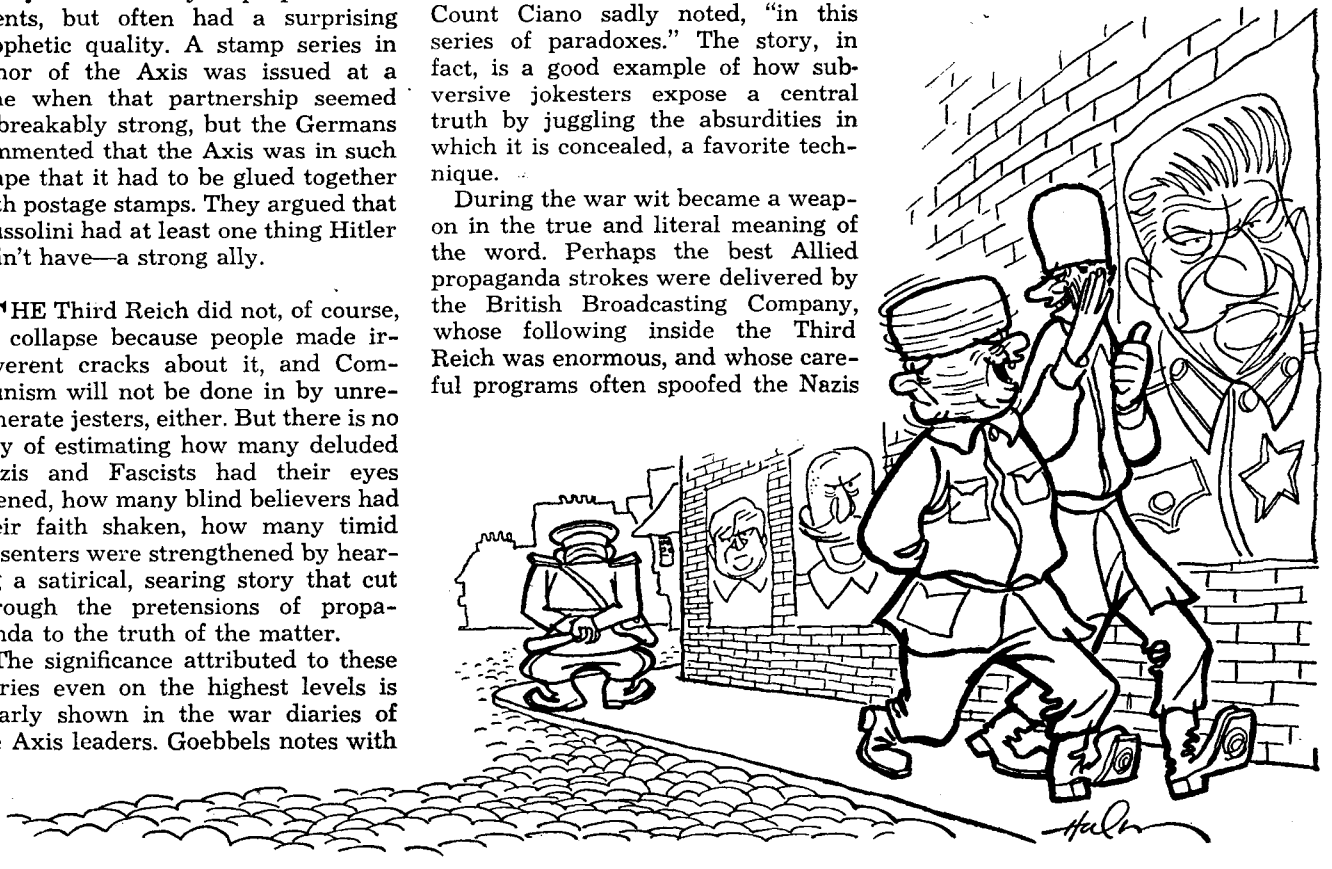
"No, sir. We are allies."

"There is a great deal of truth," Count Ciano sadly noted, "in this series of paradoxes." The story, in fact, is a good example of how subversive jokesters expose a central truth by juggling the absurdities in which it is concealed, a favorite technique.

During the war wit became a weapon in the true and literal meaning of the word. Perhaps the best Allied propaganda strokes were delivered by the British Broadcasting Company, whose following inside the Third Reich was enormous, and whose careful programs often spoofed the Nazis with malicious skill. The American use of humor as part of its propaganda arsenal was not as subtle as the BBC's, but it also was effective. The writer of this article, while attached to the Psychological Warfare Detachment of the 12th Army Group, had a hand in the use of jokes as official ammunition against the enemy's mind. In broadcasts from Radio Luxemburg to the German troops on the Western Front he assumed the role of "Corporal Tom Jones" talking across the lines to his counterparts in the *Wehrmacht.* The idea was to speak an earthy, man-to-man language, in contrast to the high-flown generalities in which most of our propaganda was couched. The highlight of the broadcasts was the daily narration of an anti-Nazi joke. We gathered a steady supply of these jokes from captured German prisoners who could not resist passing along a good story even to the enemy.

WITH the spread of the Soviet dictatorship after the war the political joke began to multiply and flourish in all the countries under the Communist heel. Communism, with its inherent absurdities and its unbounded fakery, offers an endless series of targets for the folk-wits. Many of the jokes now circulating behind the Iron Curtain are merely refurbished versions of ones formerly used against the Nazis. The two dictatorships are

(*Continued on page* 51)



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Lincoln. Like most other great figures who knew the inevitability of being biographied, Abraham Lincoln looked forward to that day with more trepidation than pleasure. In a letter to William Herndon he made some caustic comments on the subject. "I've wondered why book publishers and merchants don't have blank biographies on their shelves, ready for an emergency: so that if a man happens to die his heirs or his friends, if they wish to perpetuate his memory, can purchase one already written, but with blanks. These blanks they can fill up at their pleasure with rosy sentences full of high-sounding praise. In most instances they commemorate a lie, and cheat posterity out of the truth." Yet, as Allan Nevins in his review of Benjamin P. Thomas's "Abraham Lincoln" (below) points out, truth may be captured to a degree. The reviewer calls it the best single-volume biography of Lincoln. We have come far toward getting a clear picture of Lincoln as observed by the numerous studies reviewed this week. Readers will enjoy Stefan Lorant's updated picture collection "Lincoln" (page 18).

Captain from Illinois

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By Benjamin P. Thomas. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 548 pp. $5.75.

By Allan Nevins

TRUTH is elusively complex, and historians, as George M. Trevelyan writes, are a frail and fallible folk. But two qualities, honesty and expertness, go a great way toward revealing the truth about Lincoln, and these qualities stamp every page of Mr. Thomas's concisely fascinating book. He knows the Illinois scene, where he has long lived as writer and large-scale farmer. He is thoroughly steeped in the enormous body of monographic material published on Lincoln since Nicolay and Hay first used the basic documents; for Mr. Thomas has been secretary of the Abraham Lincoln Association, is an editor of the *Abraham Lincoln Quarterly,* and has penned the standard book on Lincoln historians. He comprehends that a true biographer must understand the gawky Lincoln who wrote the horrible letter about Mary Owens to Mrs. O. H. Browning no less than the poised Lincoln of the Gettysburg Address. And he has enjoyed two prime advantages: one an access to the recently opened Robert Todd Lincoln Collection, the other in close association with the editors of the "Collected Works" soon to come from the Rutgers University Press. It is not remarkable that here is far the best brief, compendious work on Lincoln in print.

Considering the irresistible attractions of the subject, the eager audience, and the growing wealth of data, the one-volume lives of Lincoln since the Herndon-Weik and Nicolay-Hay treatments laid a solid foundation have been curiously uneven. John G. Nicolay furnished an abridgment of the huge history of which he was co-author, with all the faults as well as merits of that imposing work. It presented a frock-coated, silk-hatted Lincoln. The squalor of his frontier environment, the gaucherie of his early years, the cultural limitations, diffidence, and lack of taste, so well noted by reporters like Henry Villard, the contriving traits of the young politician—all this was glossed over. Nicolay brought out well the greatness of the wartime President; his keenness of intellect, strength of will, and grandeur of character. But he was reluctant to expose Lincoln's errors; even so flagrant and costly an error as his share in the stoppage of recruitment early in 1862. He avoided some of the most difficult problems in Lincoln's nature and career, saying nothing, for example, about his religious opinions. He had *known* Lincoln as few surviving men did, yet the portrait was not vivid like Herndon's.

In the short life by John T. Morse, which as part of the American Statesmen Series attained wide currency, the same refusal to deal amply and realistically with the Lincoln of 1809-1858 appeared. Ida M. Tarbell's two interesting volumes were largely a collection of previously unused materials; Nathaniel W. Stephenson's book

Allan Nevins, professor of American history at Columbia University, wrote "The Emergence of Lincoln" and other works on the Civil War period.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: If all the books on Abraham Lincoln were stacked one on top of the other, the result would be a skyscraper of print. A month seldom goes by without the publication of several volumes or pamphlets on one aspect or another of his life—from the Kentucky log cabin to John Wilkes Booth. One bibliography has it that no less than 3,958 such works appeared between 1830 and 1939. The latest to add to the literary monument is Benjamin Platt Thomas—a two-inch biography on all the aspects. Thomas, born in Pemberton, N.J., in 1902 (on Washington's Birthday, of all days) has spent the last two decades journeying in Lincolniana. When, in 1932, he arrived in Springfield, the town which Lincoln himself helped select as the Illinois capital in 1839, he possessed a Johns Hopkins University A.B. and Ph.D., and "an ignorance of Lincoln." Nonetheless, he accepted a high post with the Abraham Lincoln Association once he'd been assured "I could learn as I went along." Thomas learned fast. In two years his first book appeared—"Lincoln's New Salem"; and two years later, his second—"Lincoln, 1847-1853." About that time he left the Association to go into the insurance business. Yet though he talked premiums, his thoughts remained anchored to Lincoln, to the extent that a decade later he wrote "Portrait for Posterity," a book on Lincoln's *biographers.* With that he returned to Lincoln full-time, becoming an editor of the *Abraham Lincoln Quarterly,* and an adviser to the publication-project of "The Collected Works of Lincoln." Of his own book, Thomas says: "Even more fascinating than research was putting the story together and trying to solve the mystery of Lincoln's remarkable growth. And I was impressed again, even more than I had been before, with the meaning his life holds for Americans in troubled times. He understood, as few others have, what our country stands for in the world." As for Springfield—it, said Thomas a few days before November 4, is still plenty Lincoln-conscious. "Even in the heat of the campaign, you can get an argument on almost any street corner as to whether Lincoln's home, now undergoing a face-lifting, should be painted white or 'Quaker brown'."

—Bernard Kalb.

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was a long essay, overweighted by Freudian psychology. Lord Charnwood produced an unquestioned masterpiece, all the more effective because published by an Englishman in the midst of the First World War. It is hard to write a good short biography!

The most salient merit of Mr. Thomas's well-proportioned and carefully digested work is the expertness with which it treats the long sequence of controversial questions in Lincoln's life—on some of which it throws new light. A few swift sentences say precisely what needs to be said on the lost link in Lincoln's ancestry, and on the circumstances which launched him into the study of law. The reasons why Assemblyman Lincoln stood with Clay and the Whigs instead of Jackson and the Democrats are dissected in three conclusive paragraphs. The relations between Lincoln and his law-partner Herndon, and between Lincoln and his wife, are analyzed with accurate succinctness and with insight. An occasional swift sentence illuminates some matter on which most people are uninformed. Lincoln won his nickname of Honest Abe, for example, less because he was honest in general than because he was honest in one grimly specific matter: he paid neighbors a $1,100 partnership debt that he might have evaded. Precisely what Lincoln did and did not do in his Congressional term is here stated with fidelity to the fact that his role was "diligent but unspectacular." His cautious and bewildered transition from Whigism to Republicanism is traced with cool discrimination.

When Lincoln defended his Freeport speech in the debates of '58 with Douglas by saying (as reported) that "the battle of 1860 is worth a hundred of this," he was not thinking of his personal fortunes; he was thinking of *party* victory in the next electon. Mr. Thomas traces shrewdly his rise to national fame. Some have supposed that when nominated at Chicago he was a relatively unknown man, chosen for availability with no regard for ability. The truth is that he was widely known, and that not merely Lincoln men but Bates, Chase, Cameron, and even Seward men had high faith in an ability already well proved. Greeley, for example, already had a real sense of Lincoln's greatness. Such facts as this Mr. Thomas makes quite clear. He says just the right word about the Baltimore plot that led Lincoln to take a roundabout route to Washington. Much evidence has now been found for the existence of an assassination scheme; and plot or no, it was far better for Lincoln to incur a little ridicule than to run the risk of leaving the country leaderless in its dire crisis. On Lincoln's close relations with Seward and troubled but confident dealings with the irascible, hard-driving Stanton, the author is quite satisfactory.

Rather than the military operations in the war years, Mr. Thomas is much more interested in the massive cross-currents of national feeling, the intrigues of faction and politicians, and Lincoln's patient mastery of situations that would have destroyed any lesser man. Except for McClellan and Grant, one Lincoln's tragedy and the other his salvation, he keeps leaders and campaigns well in the background. But the stages of the President's march toward emancipation; his adroit defeat of his Radical enemies after Fredericksburg; his unwearied labors to advance reconstruction while the cannon still thundered; and his wise management of opinion by reason, moderation, and candor, are carefully delineated. One of the most appealing chapters, "Profile of a President," draws many bits of color and touches of human interest out of the Robert Todd Lincoln Papers as well as from published sources. Factual, honest, unassumingly careful, and conscientious to the end, the book (which abstains from explicit estimate or interpretation) gives the reader all he needs to understand the man and the terrible crisis in which he wrought.

We repeat: This is much the best single-volume life of Lincoln yet written. The reviewer is frankly prejudiced in favor of this work. He has long felt that some such book was sadly needed to fill a great and glaring gap; he has felt that Mr. Thomas was admirably equipped to write it; he has watched its progress with interest, and sitting in Mr. Thomas's book-jammed study in Springfield has discussed some of the problems involved in its preparation. He is now certain that it fulfils every expectation. It is reliable, well-molded, thorough, and lucid; it is interesting from beginning to end. Henceforth, for every reader who can afford but one volume on Lincoln here is the work; for any student wishing to devote himself to the man and the time here is the place to begin.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

"Long Abe"—as seen by *Harper's Weekly* in the 1864 election.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 971)

H. V. MORTON:
IN SEARCH OF LONDON

It is still possible to walk along the line of the Roman wall that centuries ago limited the size of London to one square mile. It is still ruled as in mediaeval times by its unique municipality. It has resisted all change in this.

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At the Helm

MID-STREAM: Lincoln the President. By J. G. Randall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 467 pp. $7.50.

By T. Harry Williams

THE late Lloyd Lewis liked to say that professional historians avoided for a long time writing about Lincoln because they recognized that their technique of document-worship was inadequate to re-create him. They suspected, said Lewis, who seemed to think they were right, that only literary artists had the imaginative power to bring Lincoln to life. Whatever the reason, the academicians did for many years shun the Lincoln theme.

The first professional to enter a field dominated by amateurs (the term is used in no sense of disparagement) was J. G. Randall of the University of Illinois. Not only did Randall produce several noted works on Lincoln, but in 1934 in his famous paper "Has the Lincoln Theme Been Exhausted?" he sounded what Benjamin Thomas has called "a bugle call" to his colleagues to get busy on Lincoln. It is no exaggeration to say that most of the monographs on Lincoln turned out by historians in the last fifteen years have been stimulated and influenced, directly or indirectly, by Randall and by, it should be added, his research associate, Mrs. Randall. The reviewer can personally testify to Dr. Randall's unflagging kindness to younger scholars and his constant willingness at busy conventions to give them encouraging counsel.

As Randall was the first professional to take hold of the Lincoln theme, so he is the only one of his kind as yet to attempt a biography of Lincoln in the grand style of the works of Nicolay and Hay, Beveridge, and Sandburg. In 1945 there appeared the two volumes of his "Lincoln the President—From Springfield to Gettysburg." His evident intention was to finish the story in two more volumes. The third volume, "Mid-Stream," has now been published and with it Mr. Randall is no further than the end of 1863. Whether he can cover the last year and a half of the war in one volume is problematic, but with his plan of organization he may be able to do so. In the 1945 book he deliberately excluded treatment of such subjects as the Lincoln marriage, social life in the White House, and the President's relations with Congress, hoping to find new material on them when the Lincoln Papers were opened in 1947. These matters are covered in the present volume and presumably will not have to be retraced. So Randall may yet make it in four volumes; but, if he needs another, most Lincoln students will welcome the addition.

A word needs to be said of the author's historical philosophy and biographical creed. He means this work to be both biography and history. Lincoln moved on a vast stage, and Randall feels impelled to describe that stage. Thus we get Lincoln and his "times" and often more of the times than of Lincoln. But Randall is right in thinking Lincoln must be related to his incredibly complex environment, and he does the relating with skill.

Randall is devoted to what has been called historical revisionism or, as he prefers to call it, restoration. No concept or statement, no matter how venerable or widely believed, can be accepted until it has been thoroughly checked and analyzed in the light of the latest research. Thus, Randall in all his writings has challenged many existing ideas about Lincoln and the Civil War—convincingly in most cases but failing to persuade in a few. As he demolished the Anne Rutledge legend in his earlier work, in "Mid-Stream" he destroys with massive evidence and careful analysis the notion that England was unduly friendly to the Confederacy.

To this reviewer "Mid-Stream" is superior to the first two volumes, and this is because Lincoln is unmistakably the hero. In the earlier books there was a certain confusion, resulting from Randall's conviction that the Civil War was artificially produced by politicians, including Lincoln and other Republicans, and by his dislike of the Radicals of Lincoln's own party, whom he considered to be a particularly nasty lot. He was troubled because Lincoln seemed to be on the wrong side of some issues before the war and in association with some wrong people after it started. In many pages Douglas or McClellan was the hero instead of Lincoln. There are no such doubts in "Mid-Stream." Lincoln is the central compelling figure throughout and always an admirable one whether he is dealing with Vallandigham and the Copperheads, wielding the war powers to save the Union, or expanding the authority of the presidency. As usual, Randall is at his best in discussing constitutional issues, but there are excellent chapters on the Lincoln marriage, Lincoln's humor, and White House life. Randall shows pretty conclusively that Lincoln's married life was reasonably happy. One of the most valuable contributions of the book is the frequent emphasis on the terrible trivia that occupied much of Lincoln's time. It is an essential part of the Lincoln story.

And so we come back to Lloyd Lewis. Can the Ph.D.'s bring Lincoln to life? If Dr. Randall has not done it, it cannot be done. He has shown how painstaking research can re-create a figure from the past without recourse to imaginative conjecture.

—Culver Service.

The Lincoln family—"reasonably happy married life."

T. Harry Williams, author of "Lincoln and His Generals," is professor of history at Louisiana State University.

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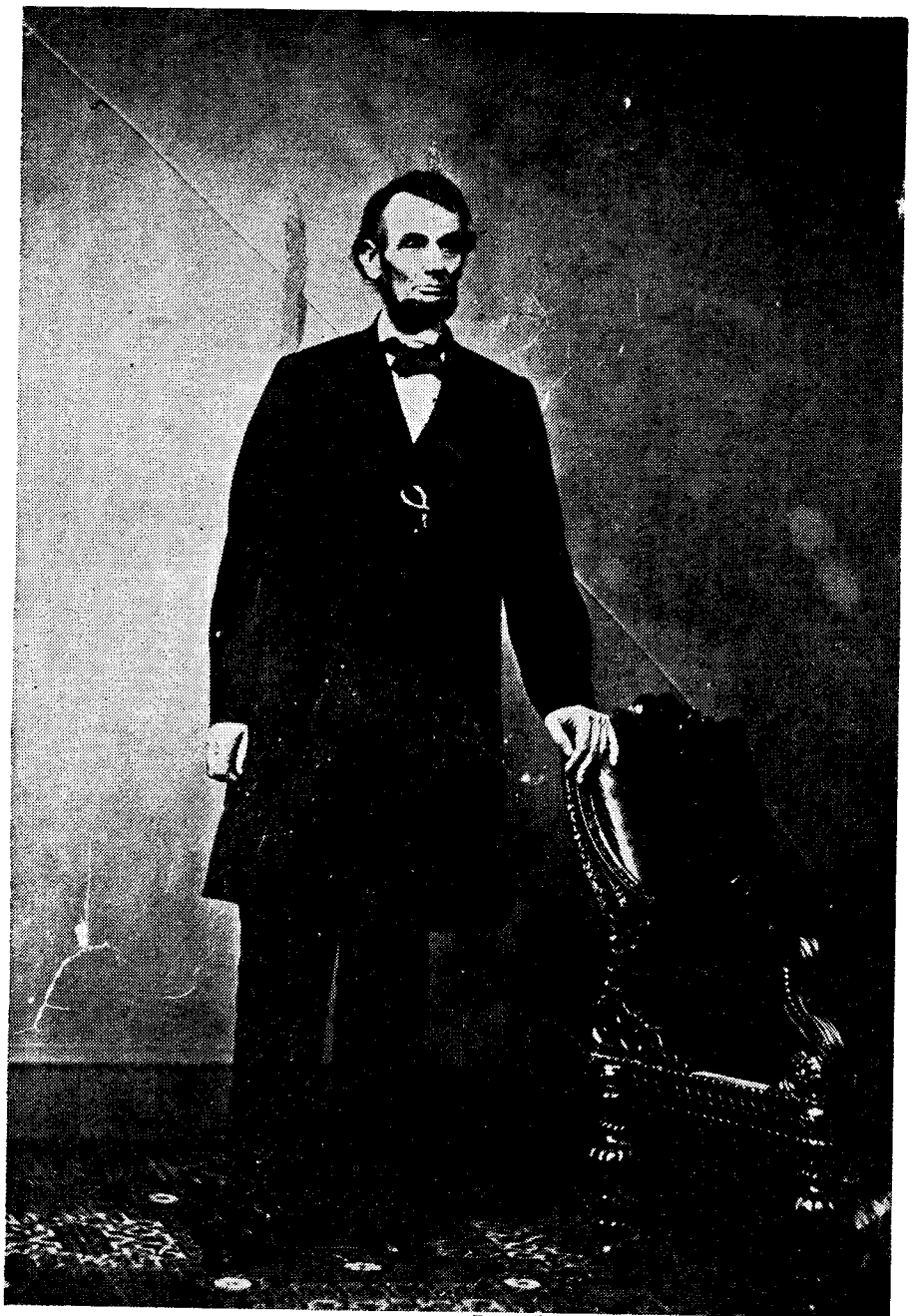

—*From "Lincoln: A Picture Story of His Life."*

A previously unknown, standing portrait by Mathew B. Brady, taken February 9, 1864.

The Face of Abe

LINCOLN: A Picture Story of His Life. By Stefan Lorant. New York: Harper & Bros. 256 pp. $6.

By J. G. RANDALL

IN Mr. Lorant's present volume we have a considerable revision of his earlier book published in 1941. In the subtitle the new work is a "Picture Story" while the former one was a "Life in Photographs." The hundreds of miscellaneous illustrations here presented are something of a pictorial omnibus. Anyone who has handled the problem knows that, while "Lincoln pictures" are legion, it is no easy task to trace each item to its source and come through with an authenticated account. That may explain why captions and legends in these pages are often mere generalized comments, devoid of specific information—*e.g.*, identification of the illustration as to date, place, photographer, location as to collection, and the like. There are various pictures of log cabins, but they are given with insufficient documentation. Of the four views of the birthplace, one is a recent diorama (an artistic one in the Chicago Historical Society); none of the other three is traced or identified. Incidentally it should be known that the log structure enclosed in the granite temple near Hodgenville, Kentucky (why didn't they leave the backwoods setting untouched?), is not an authentic original.

The rather full running text gives in popular fashion the story of Lincoln's personal and political life, but at times the result is an uncritical repetition of familiar incidents that are not historically supported. For example, Mr. Lorant repeats that Lincoln said to a cabinet member that "they must settle the case of a lieutenant for whom Mary had interfered, for 'Mrs. Lincoln has for three nights slept in a separate apartment.'" George Bancroft wrote his wife that this was a story passed around in 1861. It was another product of the rumor factory that was smirching Abraham and Mary Lincoln. Yet in general Lorant's treatment of Mary Lincoln shows real understanding. His appraisal is free from the usual, one might say automatic, misrepresentations and prejudices. It should be added that the author's awareness of advancing scholarship is shown in his caveat as to the Ann Rutledge legend and his correct statement that the story of Lincoln's failing to appear at his wedding is "entirely untrue."

To give a listing or sampling of Lorant's vast collection is impracticable. It is an impressive array: about a hundred photographs of Lincoln, scores of his associates, a woodcarving, clippings, letters, surveys, street scenes, accounts, buildings, the Lincoln home, a scrapbook, tracts, notes for speeches, the life mask, cartoons, worksheets of the first inaugural, generals, battlefields, balloons, and so on down to Ford's Theatre, the death bed (an unidentified drawing), the flight of Booth, and finally (for those who like that sort of thing) a slightly known view of Lincoln lying in his coffin.

Mr. Lorant is to be commended for his treatment of Brady's technique, his study of similar pictures to determine whether they are identical, his searches into the papers of the artist F. B. Carpenter, and his exposing of "fakes." Despite its defects and occasional errors the book will be welcomed for the amplitude, richness, and excellence of its pictorial content.

J. G. Randall, professor emeritus of history at the University of Illinois, is the author of "Mid-Stream: Lincoln the President" reviewed in this issue.

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A Frenchman's Lincoln

IMPRESSIONS OF LINCOLN AND THE CIVIL WAR. By Marquis de Chambrun. Translated by Aldebert de Chambrun. New York: Random House. 174 pp. $2.75.

By DAVID M. POTTER

IN 1865, the Marquis Adolphe de Chambrun, thirty-four years old and full of a zealous liberal's unhappiness at the tyranny of Napoleon III, came to America to explore the possibilities of removing his family to the New World. He left behind in France his young wife, Martha de Corcelle, who was awaiting the birth of their second child, but he brought across the Atlantic with him the social advantages of her position as a granddaughter of Lafayette and as a friend of Tocqueville.

When he landed early in January, people were still bursting with the news that Sherman had captured Savannah. From then until April, climax succeeded climax as Lincoln delivered his great Second Inaugural Address, Petersburg fell after a lengthy siege, Richmond was abandoned and burned, Lincoln met Grant at Petersburg and then visited the stricken Confederate capital, Lee surrendered at Appomatox, and Booth fired his fatal shot in Ford's Theatre on the night of April 14.

Young Chambrun, despite the recency of his arrival, quickly moved to a position where he could observe much of this drama at close hand. Charles Sumner first introduced him to the Lincolns on February 25. On March 4, he sat with Sumner on the platform at the inauguration. On April 4, Mrs. Lincoln invited him to accompany the Presidential party on its trip to Richmond. Chambrun was in Lincoln's company almost constantly: he walked with Lincoln through the streets of Petersburg, accompanied him into the hospital wards where wounded and dying Union soldiers lay, listened to him discuss the Hampton Roads Conference, and heard him ask a band to play the *Marseillaise* and *Dixie*. While the *River Queen* bore the party up the Potomac on the return to Washington, Lincoln spoke fondly of Springfield, tried to reassure Mrs. Lincoln, who was afraid of enemies in Washington, and read from "Macbeth," lingering over the lines "Duncan is in his grave; After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

Less than a week later Chambrun witnessed the sensational partisan outburst against Lincoln's announcement in favor of a mild peace, and then, on the night of April 14, he was roused from his sleep and went to stand in Tenth Street with the dense and excited crowd which thronged about the house where the President lay dying. All this experience he recounted in a series of letters to his wife and also in a manuscript article. The article, translated by his son, Marquis Pierre de Chambrun, was published in *Scribner's* Magazine two years after Chambrun's death, which occurred in 1891. The letters, translated by another son, General Aldebert de Chambrun, now appear in book form sixty-one years after.

It would be an exaggeration to call this volume an important contribution to history. The letters contain nothing of importance that was not in the article. Also they are edited somewhat amateurishly, for the editor fails to explain certain allusions or to correct some of Chambrun's errors of fact which will bewilder or mislead a modern reader. Random House might have given greater care to this aspect of the book. But these messages of a husband to his wife are much fuller and somewhat more spontaneous than the formal article, and of course very few readers have access to the article in any case. Chambrun's letters constitute the primary record made by a close and sensitive observer who was at Lincoln's side on several especially dramatic or revealing occasions. As such they will have some attraction for any reader of history, and will appeal especially to the many whose major enthusiasm is for the life of Lincoln and the story of the Civil War.

—Culver Service.

". . . the image of Grant emerges."

David M. Potter is Coe Professor of American History at Yale University and the author of "Lincoln and His Party in the Secession Crisis."

Humility & Genius

LINCOLN FINDS A GENERAL. Volume III: Grant's First Year in the West. By Kenneth P. Williams. New York: The Macmillan Co. 585 pp. $7.50.

By EARL SCHENCK MIERS

HISTORICAL judgment has sharpened in the generation since H. L. Mencken, in reviewing "Meet General Grant," told readers of *The American Mercury* that the first citizen of Galena, Illinois, "was not, in point of fact, a man of any great competence, even as a soldier."

We need turn no further than to the slim, vividly written volume of letters that the late Lloyd Lewis sent to his publishers during the years of his research on a definitive biography of Grant to recognize how remote Mencken stood from any genuine acquaintance with the old soldier.

True, Lewis had caught fire; enthusiasm burned as fiercely in Lewis's letters as Grant's throat ever burned after a slug from the barrel of whiskey a Congressman left at headquarters during the siege of Vicksburg; but there is solid conviction in the case that Lewis marshalled to demonstrate the human warmth, the military perspicacity, and the fascinating blend of hard-headed practicality and almost boyish mysticism in old Ulysses Grant.

Despite the sober detachment that Professor Kenneth P. Williams brings to this painstaking account of the first year of war in the West, his underlying enthusiasm for Grant is scarcely less ebullient than that which Lewis held. In fact, a considerable amount of hindsight may have been necessary to give Grant the appealing role he occupies at times in these pages, for it is during this period in Grant's career when such lusty Mencken quips as "a ham as a tactician" with "the imagination of a respectable hay and feed dealer" strike closest to the truth. If Professor Williams remains stanchly pro-Grant, that possible slight failing may be excusable; his focus is on the right hero in this excellent work.

At the start of that first year of war in the West, however, Grant was certainly nobody's pet. The limelight for a spell fell on John C. Fremont, who soon proved himself at least a failure if not an outward fool and fraud. Next, two spotlights played upon the West-

(*Continued on page 56*)

Earl Schenck Miers is co-author of the study "Gettysburg."

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Fiction. Without stirring from the favorite armchair or worrying about transport accommodations readers of this week's fiction will find themselves whisked off to a choice of distant locales. Taken in hand by Stuart Cloete, the reader shares anguish and experience with two lovers who have been cast into elephant country by their tribes on that troubled continent—Africa. Mr. Cloete's "The Curve and the Tusk" (below) has the benefit of the author's first-hand knowledge and rare understanding of the Dark Continent. Vasco Pratolini's "The Naked Streets" (page 21) and Alba de Céspedes's "The Best of Husbands" (page 52) allow us to witness the elemental problems of Italian youth in Rome and Florence. Italian writers have found to their astonishment a ready American market for stark dramas of human relationships and struggle with squalor. Alberto Moravia first struck this vein rich and hosts of Italian authors since have thrown themselves into that venture with notable success. Other settings to which the reader is guided include Nova Scotia, France, the Balkans, and Finland.

Rage of the Despised

THE CURVE AND THE TUSK. By Stuart Cloete. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 272 pp. $3.

By Harrison Smith

THOUGH he was born in Paris and educated in England, Stuart Cloete is entitled to call Africa his native country. Three centuries ago an ancestor of the same surname received the first land grant given to a white settler in the veld. His first, and so far his most successful, novel, "The Turning Wheels," was the result of fifteen years spent after the First World War as the manager of a huge cattle ranch in Cape Colony, that vast and empty land which the Boers made theirs as our own ancestors invaded and settled the American plains. Other novels of South Africa have followed in which realism was blended with romance. His latest book belongs to a rarer and more ambitious category, for in "The Curve and the Tusk" he has attempted a mystical and philosophical approach to the Dark Continent, to its primitive people, its wild animals, and to the cruelty of the white men who hunted the inhabitants of the forests and the grazing lands or sold them into slavery. The curve is the continuing and inexorable change in the destiny of the African people; the tusk is the primitive force inherent in Africa itself, symbolized by the greatest of the earth's creatures, two ancient and gigantic elephants. The natives dwelling in their forest kraals had for over a century regarded this pair of mastadons with fear and veneration, for they had escaped death at the hands of generations of native and white hunters and had killed them with maniacal fury. The old hunter who trailed them and slew them brings to mind Captain Ahab's quest of another Leviathan, Moby Dick, the great white whale.

There are two lovers in the novel, the son of a chief who had left his native jungle for the rewards the white man offered in Portuguese Mozambique and a girl of the forests who had been brought up in a Catholic school in the same town. She was employed as the maid of a white mistress when they met and entered upon their tragic destiny. Among the many taboos which they had been taught in their youth there was one they had forgotten. Two lovers could not unite in marriage if their tribes had the same symbolic totem, and both of them had been born under the sign of the elephant. The young husband's penance was to spend a year apart from his wife and child, naked and unarmed in the elephant country. As it happened, it was a sentence of death for all of them, for the elephants slew them, tore their bodies apart, and trampled them into the earth.

Mr. Cloete calls his book "a novel of change among elephants and man," and has written a preface in which he explains its religious, historical, and social significance. Its purpose is to clarify the black African's outlook, to explain his great problem. He must either become more than he is, a simple stone and iron-age man, or less than he is—a dangerous animal in human form. The novel, he adds, concerns the religion of life in which the worst crime is to destroy the relationships between man, woman, and child, and all their fellowmen, an erosive process which is apparent in Africa and throughout the world. At the end of his preface he writes, "God must be found again. Right must be established as an ideal. . . . There is no justice in the forest. To live without justice as we do is to turn our cities into jungles."

The reader of "The Curve and the Tusk" may well say amen to Mr. Cloete's philosophy and at the same time wonder if he has not weighted his comparatively brief novel with too great a burden, including his fascinating description of the life story of elephants, the customs, sexual practices, and taboos of the primitive Africans, and the influence of the white man.

To obtain the material for this novel the author and his wife spent months in the jungle, in native kraals, on elephant trails, trekking from one water hole to another. It is remarkable that he has been able to combine all of these elements, including his own conceptions of man, nature, and God, and still retain the strong thread of the central story of human passion and guilt, and animal vengeance.

At the very end the author writes, "In life there is no beginning or no end." But a novel demands a beginning and an end, and in the life and death of his black lovers and of his two brother leviathans of the jungle he has managed to create both.

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Smalltime Faust

TIME'S CORNER. By Nancy Wilson Ross. New York: Random House. 310 pp. $3.50.

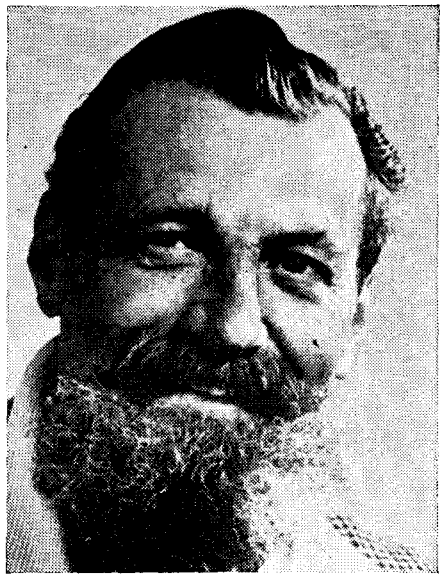
By WALTER HAVIGHURST

FOR her new novel Nancy Wilson Ross has chosen a smaller setting and a tighter situation than she has used in the past, and she has written a smaller story. "Time's Corner" is a clinical novel, beginning with an emotionally shattered woman's search for affirmation and moving on to the problem of drug-addiction with its transcendent release and its fearful captivity. It is an uneven book, at times poignant and arresting and as often forced and artificial.

The story finds Louisa Frazier, physically and spiritually exhausted after her lover has relinquished her for his wife and family, seeking sanctuary in an Anglican House of Retreat in a seashore Connecticut suburb. The daily rituals of the chapel, her walks in the fading autumn season, and her reading of the Lives of the Saints accomplish little for this unhappy woman. But when a teen-age girl, sodden with drugs, is found at the door of the Retreat, Louisa has something positive to be concerned with. Unconsciously, and at first somewhat against her will, she develops a sympathy for the homeless, hardened girl, and begins to escape the "anger, jealousies, ambitions, guilts, secrets" of her own burdened memory.

This new situation brings Louisa in contact with Doctor Frederick Jordan, whose own obsession with drugs gradually becomes known to her and at whose insistence Louisa discovers for herself the sense of "another space, another time" which drugs induce. This is the crucial matter of the novel, and its success depends upon the credibility of the fanatical doctor. He is quite preposterous and seems unworthy of this gifted author's attention. He is a small-time Doctor Faustus, obsessed with the power of drugs. "He dares too much. He seeks too far." But he never becomes convincing.

This novel shows a contest between negation of human experience and its affirmation. In the House of Retreat, Louisa found herself repeatedly nudged toward some affirmation that she could not grasp. Even the wretched girl, suffering the prolonged hangover of heroin, seemed more alive than she. Then came the puzzling doctor, her acquaintance with a grotesque man in the doctor's household, and her discovery of the fate of the doctor's insane wife—all of which lead to her final assertion.



Stuart Cloete—"the religion of life."

—*Marcus Blechman.*

Nancy Ross—"burdened memory."

Vasco Pratolini—"unusual comradeship."

Florentine Odors

THE NAKED STREETS. By Vasco Pratolini. New York: A. A. Wyn. 216 pp. $3.

By HARVEY CURTIS WEBSTER

WHAT has distinguished Vasco Pratolini from the other gifted writers of his time and country has been his capacity for arousing and disappointing great expectations. In "A Hero for Our Times" and "A Tale of Poor Lovers," he starts excitingly and ends by disappointing. Though he knows the poor quite as well—perhaps even better—than Silone, Levi, Berto, and the unusual rest, though he certainly, by his concentration upon the working-class quarters of Florence, brings a portion of a country to life more successfully than any living Italian, his compulsion to make "propaganda" tends to destroy both his novels and their message. Still, one begins each Pratolini novel expecting it to be the one that persists on an even level of excellence.

"The Naked Streets," which preceded both of his novels published over here and came before the time of dogmatic vehemence, tells the story of a group of young Italians who live in that portion of Florence where "a child might count his marbles as he sat innocently on the steps of a brothel." Valerio, the narrator, Giorgio, Gino, Maria, Carlo, Marisa, and the others have grown through their teens in a section that heavily feels the weight of the Italian war in Abyssinia and reflects the poverty one can observe in the frescoes of Masaccio that rest in the nearby Church of the Carmine. Already in their youth, Pratolini tells us, their "blood carries a burden reflected in their movements." Filth, brutality, nauseous odors, and lust are the commonplaces of their lives; yet there is also an unusual sense of comradeship and of hope among them. They live in and know the worst while still trying for the better that may come when their ignorance disappears and they develop the intelligence necessary to cope with those who profit by poverty.

Pratolini's characters are not pleasant nor are their actions comforting to read about. Maria becomes pregnant before she marries, Gino is a homosexual and a murderer, Carlo's mother is a prostitute. But their immorality seems as natural as the filth that surrounds them. All of them hope for escape from sordidness through either collective action, individual heroism, or singularly rewarding depravity. Giorgio, the Socialist, wants all of them to share both guilt and praise;

(*Continued on page* 52)

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The Saturday Review

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U. S. Refrigerators vs. U. S. Ideas

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following guest editorial is by Minoo R. Masani, distinguished Indian author and former Indian ambassador to Brazil, who is prominently identified in India as a friend of the United States. Mr. Masani is at present representing India on the U.N. Subcommission on Prevention of Discrimination and Protection of Minorities.*

ON my way to the United States from India, I had the opportunity to read the contribution of R. H. S. Crossman in the "New Fabian Essays." Alongside of much that is reasonable and humane, Mr. Crossman propounds a thesis that calls for analysis. Having made it clear that he regards totalitarian Communism as a reactionary force which the peoples of the Atlantic community must resist, Mr. Crossman proceeds to the assumption that, to quote his own words, "the coolie in Malaya, or for that matter the tribesman in Nigeria does not want *either* liberty, equality, and fraternity *or* the dictatorship of the proletariat. He is below the level of such political aspirations." He then asks his readers to join him in accepting "both intellectually and emotionally the fact that Communism outside Europe is still a liberative force." We are then brought to a remarkable conclusion. "The American isolationist," writes Mr. Crossman, "who reacts so violently against the gigantic bill for rearmament and foreign aid, is nearer the tradition of Americanism than the New Deal prophets of America's world-wide responsibilities." Americans should, therefore, be encouraged "to take the risk in Asia and Africa of leaving unfilled the 'political vacuum' left by the dismantling of the old European empires." "We are opposed," writes Mr. Crossman, "to Russian expansion but also to American victory."

Whatever the motivation of this line of thought may be, its implications are unfortunately hard to mistake. First, that human values are different for the peoples of Western Europe and North America on the one hand and for the peoples of the underdeveloped countries of Asia and Africa on the other. Secondly, that the claims of bread and freedom are antithetical and should in the case of the underdeveloped countries be resolved in favor of bread. Thirdly, that the West should write off these countries and these peoples and do nothing to protect them from being taken over by Communist expansion and aggression.

Here then, from a leading spokesman of "left-wing" Socialism in the West comes a strange echo of Rudyard Kipling: "East is East and West is West." East of Suez "there ain't no Ten Commandments"; and what is reaction and tyranny for the European and American is liberation and progress for the "lesser breeds without the law."

Is there perchance any truth in this assertion that the masses of illiterate and underprivileged people in Asia and Africa are just empty stomachs and hungry mouths conscious of nothing but the clamant call for food? The facts testify precisely to the contrary. While it may be true that some "left-wing" intellectuals in India, as elsewhere, are obsessed with the desirability of Soviet-model Five Year Plans and of what Lewis Mumford has called "giantism," the common people in my country are much more attached to such things as their traditional way of life, their religions and their places of worship, their families and their homes, their cattle and their farms. While the Communist Party of India has attracted a section of the English-speaking intelligentsia and is today more entrenched among its ranks than it is among classes less privileged, the Indian masses on the other hand have, by their unique response over three decades to Mahatma Gandhi, shown that the man who evokes a response in their hearts is the one who talks to them of non-material values like God, Love, Truth, Human Brotherhood, and the Equality of the untouchable Harijan and the proud Brahman.

GANDHI represents the complete antithesis to the Communist and has been recognized as such in the Moscow press and radio for over three decades. The Communist swears by dialectical materialism—matter is essence, the mind a by-product; Gandhi preaches the supremacy of spirit of mind over matter. To the Communist, the end justifies the means; to Gandhi, the means are everything—means and ends are like the seed and the tree; and so Gandhi pronounced Soviet Communism to be "repugnant to India." Stalin preaches the need to hate the class and national enemy; Gandhi the need to love all. Communism seeks to centralize and collectivize everything; Gandhi preaches the need to decentralize and to distribute power both politically and economically. The Communist glorifies the State; Gandhi, conscious of the distinction drawn by Reinhold Niebuhr between moral man and immoral society, stresses the individual as an end in himself. Identifying himself with the lowliest in the scale of caste—the Harijan or untouchable—Gandhi recalls the words of Him who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Those who today work for the lowliest of our people cannot escape the spirit of Gandhi. Only last month, my good friend Jayaprakash Narayan, American-educated leader of India's democratic Socialist Party, wrote: "For many years I have worshiped at the shrine of the goddess Dialectical Materialism, which seemed to me intellectually more satisfying than any other philosophy. But while the main quest of philosophy remains unsatisfied, it has become patent to me that materialism of any sort robs man of the means to be truly human. . . . It is clearer today than ever that social reconstruction is impossible without human reconstruction. Only when materialism is transcended does individual man come into his own and become an end in himself." It is ob-

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vious then that for India the only genuine, the only Indian, social revolution is the one that Gandhi commenced.

I have felt it essential to stress the universality of human values so rudely questioned by Mr. Crossman because it is only too likely that his assumptions are not confined to the Bevanites in Britain and that they might indeed be shared by many men and women of good will in these United States. Let us put bread into the hungry mouths of the Asian masses, let us fill their empty stomachs, and we shall save Asia from Communism. Is there no reason to believe that along some such lines runs the thinking of many good people in your country?

Now, this line of thought is, to my mind, fundamentally fallacious. Man does not live by bread alone—not even the brown or yellow or black man. Empty minds and souls provide as good a breeding ground for Communism as empty stomachs. Czechoslovakia did not go under the Iron Curtain because its people were groaning in starvation in the months that preceded the *coup d'état* of February 1948. The model housing of Socialist Vienna provided no deterrent to Dolfuss and then to Hitler. How mistaken have been proved those prophets who foretold that once Iran lost the revenues that came to her from oil and felt the pinch, she would be brought to her senses. It would seem then that the lesson that Peter Drucker taught in his book "The End of Economic Man" is all too easily forgotten.

Asia is today asserting not only its right to economic prosperity and progress but even more to equality of status in the world family, to self-respect and dignity, to racial equality and the end of discrimination.

What decides whether a people will adhere to democracy or succumb to Communism is primarily whether or not they believe in another ideology superior to Communism, whether or not they have the will to resist, and whether or not they possess the leadership that will guide them to do so.

If I stress non-material values and incentives as against material ones, it is not that I am insensible of the value that material things and their possession have in providing a fuller life and greater dignity to the human being. Nor is this to be construed as a plea that the United States should go slow on economic aid to the underdeveloped countries. On the contrary, I have been one of those in India who were for the acceptance of United States economic aid even before it became generally acceptable. Nor again am I suggesting that the U.S. should stop rearming for the collective security of the free world against totalitarian aggression. On the contrary, I know that, to the extent that America rearms and reasserts the strength of the free world, she defends us who are militarily weaker, whether we know it or not. I do, however, urge the need to follow up economic and military cooperation on the ideological plane.

Arthur Goodfriend in his significant book "The Only War We See" makes a similar plea. Writes Mr. Goodfriend: "They [the Chinese Communists] reached the people by means of education and political indoctrination. We tried too often to win them with charity. . . . We can, as we did in China, keep mum about the shameful record of Russian Communism. Or we can attack the soft underbelly of Communism by reciting its record on the values most precious to Asians and others—religion, the family, national independence, and the ownership of the land. . . . Unless we are prepared to face up to the problem, the United States and the free world may be betrayed into a grievous error. The governments of underdeveloped peoples may rally to our side—but behind this façade the people may remain aloof and even antagonistic."

Against this background it is for Americans to assess their country's role in Asia and Africa in the months and years to come. It is for them to ask themselves: What are the real mainsprings of MSA, TCA, and Point Four? Are these great schemes of altruism, unparalleled in the world's history, founded on mere charity? If that were so, they would in the end prove unacceptable to those they seek to aid. Are they, as the cynics would have it, caused by the need to get rid of surplus goods and materials? If that were so, they would constitute a new form of exploitation. Is the defeat of Communism the sole purpose? Such a purpose is good, but in itself not adequate. I should like to think that what really actuates these great projects is Fraternity, the desire to share that one knows of in the family, and that its foundation is Love, which is conscious of another's worth. If that is so, then it appears to some of us in the Old World that Americans are letting their case go by default.

It is true that there is at least one big blot on the U.S. copy-book; the Negro has been well described as the litmus test of American democracy. That indeed is the Achilles's heel of the U.S. The rulers of South Africa would appear to be inviting catastrophe on themselves and on the world, and the voice of the United States has not been noticed as among the loudest in protest. But despite these blemishes, there is such a lot that the U.S. can share besides the material goods that she

provides. Love of freedom and the standing up for one's rights; equality of status—talking back when one's human dignity is offended, no matter by whom; self-help—doing things for oneself without waiting for the Government; the spirit of adventure—exploring the frontiers of knowledge, being "frontier-minded and not fate-bound"; generosity—giving freely, risking one's life for a stranger; the concentration of skills and effort to serve a single human being, no matter how humble; and finally, a mind that is becoming increasingly world-conscious, which recognizes that for good or ill the United States is part and parcel of the world and must share its joys and its tribulations. America has thus a "great feast of ideas" of which she can invite the rest of us to partake. It is time the world hears more about these aspects of your life and a little less about the number of your automobiles, refrigerators, and television sets. Certainly, the world needs American technicians, engineers, and chemists, but it also needs American teachers, philosophers, and social workers. The body needs sustenance, but so does the mind.

THERE is no country in the world today so well placed to lead the social revolution in Asia as America. Unfortunately, too many Asians have the impression that while America feeds the body, she starves the mind and the soul. Professor M. A. Lineberger, on the basis of his own personal experience in the Far East, presents us with a paradox. "The Americans believe in spiritual things," writes Professor Lineberger, "but they try to buy them by material means—by dollars, by gifts, by aid. The Communists believe in material things, but they offer people something to join, something to do, something to fight."

Neither militarily nor ideologically nor morally can one part of humanity afford to write off any other. If it was true in the time of Abraham Lincoln that no nation could be half slave and half free, it is even more true today in this shrinking world that we cannot have a world that is half slave and half free.

—MINOO R. MASANI.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Thurber to Hobson to Thurber

▶ I CANNOT BE NIGGARDLY enough to keep to myself the following letters by James Thurber. First, however, as background for them, two excerpts from my stand-in columns for TRADE WINDS:

> The younger one, also without suggestion from me, embarked on voracious book-reading two summers ago. . . . He has just finished Hemingway's "Old Man" and his fifteenth (approximately) reading of "The Thirteen Clocks" by James Thurber. He liked the new Hemingway also, but says Thurber is still the best. [*SR* Sept. 6.]

> . . . Mary Welch Hemingway . . . has just turned into *Today's Woman* a 2,500-word piece which will start a new series to be called "The Man I Married." [There will be] ensuing articles by Mrs. James Thurber, Mrs. Mario Lanza, Mrs. Richard Rodgers, Mrs. Dale Carnegie, Mrs. Eddie Cantor, Mrs. Leonard Lyons, and the like."

Letter from James Thurber, dated September 17:

> If you had ever met my wife, you would know that there isn't enough money on earth or wild horses in hell to get her to do a piece about me called "My Life with James Thurber," or whatever WOMAN'S DAY calls it. (I don't know about it in caps, but woman's day is done, you know.) A guy and a doll from TIME came up here two years ago and the guy says to Helen on the porch, "Would you care to evaluate your husband's work?" Her answer was simple and wonderful; she said, "No." I would never have married a woman who would write about me while I'm alive or when I'm dead. I am repelled by husband-evaluators. I am putting such a woman in a piece I am now writing and she'll make you sick. If I lived in Cuba, I probably wouldn't give a damn. Now you lift me out of that list of husbands in which you included me with a casual and calloused "and the like"! The like of that group of boys has never been known before.
>
> Laura, you used to know me! Love and kisses just the same to you and your boys, especially the younger one. I think he is better than Hemingway, too.
>
> As always,
> Jim Thurber

To which I replied, in part:

> I just called the editor of *Today's Woman*, and asked how the hell he could have included your wife's name in his story, inasmuch as (a) he sent me the story in a signed letter, and (b) I had taken the trouble to phone him long-distance, at *The Saturday Review's* expense, to read back the item word for word, to check its accuracy. [He said that] an intermediary had led him to believe an article by Helen Thurber was actually forthcoming. . . . Anyway, all apologies to you, to Helen, to West Cornwall, and anybody else listening.

I then offered public retraction, asked whether I could quote parts of his letter in same, and offered to send him whatever I wrote for his approval, to avoid compounding of errors.

"I'm not sleepy."

Letter from James Thurber, dated October 2:

> I think it's probably too late now, but if you want to use any parts of that letter of mine, you can do it and you don't have to let me see anything in advance. I understand there actually is an "intermediary" who thought he could get Helen to write about me. He has met her several times and she is very sweet and gentle and courteous, and she has never fired at him at point blank range. Where do men get the idea they understand women, for God's sake?
>
> I have been going through a thyroid thing or I would have got this off sooner. Once again my love and best wishes in the hope that we can sit around together sometime and wonder whatever became of Barrow Lyon, Bob Potter, and such of the others as are not dead. I have one or two scandalous facts, but they are about the dead ones.
>
> As always,
> Jim

After which I can only add the hope that *SR* readers will be as delighted as I was that I committed my error and earned Mr. Thurber's scolding.

LAURA Z. HOBSON.
New York, N. Y.

Billy the Kid

▶ THE PUBLICITY given "Billy the Kid: Faust in America" [*SR* Oct. 11] is received with delight. I wish to lament, however, an unfortunate comparison with Faust. I live here in Lincoln County among people whose fathers and grandfathers are a part of the legend of Billy the Kid. There are some who will defend him staunchly against attack. William H. Bonney couldn't have bargained with the devil, in their eyes, for life had taught him to trust no man. He is certainly not regarded merely as a juvenile delinquent gone trigger happy, either.

Since Billy the Kid has been relegated to legend, his memory deserves something more than a Faustian treatment, regardless of the undying fame of Faust. I do grant these comparisons with the hero of the early versions: Billy did possess magic with the six-shooter. He did know the alchemy of dust, sweat, and the hot sun of the desert wastes. He could enchant the Spanish señoritas who danced with him or sat with him under the New Mexico moon. Astrology was no mystery to him for he often contemplated the stars, desperate and alone. He could efficiently doctor a wound inflicted by a knife or gun.

Billy the Kid lived at a time when a man could not take the decency of his fellows for granted. He lived at a time when it was the right of a man to back up his ideas with a gun. And it happened that Billy had the idea that the murderers of Tunstall, the only living friend he had, were rats. He dedicated himself to the task of ridding the world of them, so the twenty-one notches on his gun were not all mere coincidence.

RUBY R. DOUGLASS.
Hondo, N.M.

Barefoot Boy

▶ MARSHALL FISHWICK swings too wide a loop and gets kinks in it, in his piece on Billy the Kid, when he states that the Kid "died with his boots on and guns blazing" after the "brave Irishman" Pat Garrett "hid in a dark room and ambushed

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him." He repeats these statements a couple of times.

The Kid was barefooted that night, having just got up from bed. He did not blaze one single shot from his one gun. Garrett did not hide in that dark room; he had *no notion* the Kid was anywhere around Fort Sumner and he went in to question Pete Maxwell. In walked the Kid, in the dark, and asked Garrett who *he* was. Garrett, a considerably startled hombre, cut loose with his gun and got the hell out of there in a fast dive. To ambush is to lie in wait deliberately to attack, and Pat didn't wait worth a damn, before or after.

Marshall Fishwick refers to the Kid's "mysterious death." What mystery was there? The Kid hesitated to shoot a man in the dark, a man who for all he knew was a friend of his friend Pete Maxwell; that hesitation cost him his life; the man was Garrett and Garrett did *not* hesitate to shoot—he recognized the Kid's voice. I would not say, as Mr. Fishwick does, that Billy's dead body was "dragged" across to the carpenter's shop; I don't believe that the Spanish New Mexicans who crowded around, and who were very fond of the Kid, would have allowed that barbarous indignity.

We can overlook the hifalutin Faustian nonsense, and even the dash of Sir Galahad and the Robin Hood motif—but please let's have sound writing. Let's dab a neat economical loop right on the commonsense facts, not go trying to rope all outdoors for crippled analogies. The German Faust and the American Bonney just don't gait well in team, and nothing you could hobble the Kid with would ever make him Goethe's stepchild. The Kid was a young gunman of his time who hung up a high score, though not the highest. He makes for literature, but we shouldn't let that book with the fine binding strain our imaginations along with our vision.

L. L. FOREMAN.

Santa Fe, N.M.

Mr. Cullman to Mr. Golden

▶ I HAVE READ with much interest Henry Hewes's BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT [*SR* Oct. 11] reflecting the viewpoint on the "fabulous invalid" of John Golden, one of the most revered members of the theatrical profession.

Mr. Golden's therapeutic treatment and prescription regarding the need of good playwrights is non-controverted. I am in wholehearted disagreement with him, however, that that is the sole cause of our shrinking audience in 1952 compared to a 300 per cent better audience a quarter of a century ago in 1927.

There are many factors influencing people away instead of to the theatre. One factor is the unavailability of tickets in good locations at box-office prices which somehow or other have found their way into black markets. Why are not good locations available at box-office prices and what excuse is there for any theatre owner to take for his own account 20,000 house seats a year for his so-called friends? I do not believe producers should pay for central ticket offices. As one interested in operating the Alvin Theatre, I would be glad, with the other theatre owners in New York, to underwrite $5,000 a year for the more equitable and fair distribution of theatre tickets to the general public, which I think could be accomplished without in any way hurting the legitimate brokers who serve a useful purpose for both visiting firemen and others.

The privilege of smoking except in the auditorium and having bars is a factor which, in my opinion, has helped the London theatre, where comfort of the patrons has been encouraged. That is a minor factor, but I think an important one in the general philosophy that we have today made the theatre a hard place to get to via traffic and an impossible place to get tickets for at box-office prices; and, despite Mr. Golden's viewpoint, our theatres are, in my opinion, rookeries—antiquated, ill-ventilated mausoleums—rather than good showcases for the plays which I hope he, Howard Lindsay, and others will encourage to be written. And I am not unmindful that Mr. Golden must be fully cognizant of the tenement house conditions existing backstage in most theatres.

A lot of my good friends, including John Golden, have asked: "Are you willing to put up a $5,000,000 structure to house a theatre when, as, and if the building codes are changed?" The answer is "no," but I and many others would be willing to lease for an extended term a theatre constructed in a commercial building or apartment house contiguous to the amusement area which should be a boon toward the construction of such a building for ground space and basement space that today has not an appreciable market value.

Many of those who seemingly are trying to oppose revision of the building codes by saying, "Are those for it willing to build new theatres?," apparently are satisfied with the system as is. As one who violently opposed the Volstead Act inflicting prohibition on the American public, I do not think any of us who were opposed to that act were requested to make a commitment that we would subsequently open a distillery.

Honest differences of opinion, I hope, will crystallize a solution of a complicated problem, but even Gimbel Brothers, which Mr. Golden seems to feel is helped by the theatre, renovated their building and modernized it, as well as the Hotel Astor, which never had a shortage of rooms.

HOWARD S. CULLMAN.

New York, N. Y.

Mr. Golden to Mr. Cullman

▶ I AM AND HAVE FOR YEARS been in complete agreement with every one of the ideas that Mr. Cullman advocates in his letter above. The building of better theatres, profits to us producers from bars, arrangements for the public to get better tickets, and cheaper ones too—but until the legal and economic situation makes it practical to bring these things about, I would *urge* that less fault be found with our poor Live Theatre, such as it is today.

Mr. Cullman says *he* would not put up a new building, but he would lease a

theatre in one if *someone* else will erect it.

Sometime when he has an hour free from the many fine deeds and charities that he is performing these days, I wish he would name the first half-dozen financiers among his host of millionaire friends who are seriously willing to consider making the five-million-dollar investment required for the new Ideal Theatre. I, too, would be glad indeed to have one of my productions presented in that new playhouse.

But that brings us back to "where I came in." The only thing the public wants to see in the new Ideal Playhouse, or any other, is a fine play. So, Mr. Cullman, good friend of the theatre, you and I agree except in the matter of exploitation.

It is my opinion that frequent references to our present playhouses as "rookeries—antiquated, ill-ventilated mausoleums" are, in the first place, not entirely true (see the comfortable and delighted audiences witnessing "The Male Animal" at the Music Box; the Alvin's a pretty good one, too). But what's worse, such heavily publicized fault-findings are affecting the attendance in the only Theatre we have today by discouraging some of those theatre-goers we are trying to win and hold. While Gimbel Brothers were remodeling their new building, finding fault with the old one would perhaps have hurt rather than helped their business.

I can only urge Mr. Cullman to help the theatre by desisting from this persistent publicity of what he regards as our weaknesses until such time as he may bring forth his new Ideal Theatre, and joining and working quietly with those of us who are trying to help the Invalid by finding a way to get more and better plays.

JOHN GOLDEN.

New York, N. Y.

P.S. Come on, Howard. Be your usual generous self and let's you and I try to find some good plays by putting up some money for loans to some new good playwrights.

No Hucksters

▶ IN HIS REVIEW of Wordsworth's "Guide to the Lake District" [*SR* Sept. 27] Mr. Ben Ray Redman implies that the visitor to the Lakes will find himself "engaged

(*Continued on page* 35)

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The Editor & the Graphic Arts

SAXE COMMINS

ALMOST everyone who reads is an editor, since—one way or another—everyone responds to ideas, has notions of his own about the matter and manner of a book, and is tempted to make revisions as he goes along in accordance with his own background, judgment, prejudices, and critical acumen. It might even be said that the editor is any semi-literate who reads with a pencil in his hand.

On the professional level we have had in our own time three distinct incarnations of the genus editor. Who does not remember the old-school occupant of the editor's easy chair? He edited books not with a pencil and a consecration to the written word, but with a conspicuously florid display of erudition. His equipment was an unruffled dignity, a shock of pure white hair, a broad black ribbon clipped to his spectacles, and an Olympian detachment. In high-sounding generalities this last remnant of the genteel tradition told authors what was wrong with their manuscripts and sent them home to revise them without ever participating in the labor of coping with the most recalcitrant medium in all the arts—written words.

In the early 1920's the easy chair was superseded by the worker's bench. By their zeal for actual labor a new group of men dedicated to ideas and their communication brought about a genuine change of attitude. Open-minded, thoroughly trained in techniques, aware of the real world, and, most of all, completely familiar with the problems of the writer, they gave a new direction and greater stature to the books published in America.

But with World War II a new order tried to usurp the profession. Confident that books had entered the field of big business, many editors began to envisage themselves as executives. They became self-designated contact men and their interest in writers was almost exclusively as producers of a marketable article. These account executives under the name of editors persuaded themselves that ideas could be cartelized. Actually they had little more than a proprietary interest in the written word and on the whole distrusted the writer. All their concentration was on rights, with most emphasis on subsidiary rights, serialization, condensation, motion pictures, and all the by-products of the thing in itself. There was little profit in learning what to do with the manuscript itself.

The reign of the account executive as an editor has been precarious. The explanation for the uncertainty of his power is simple: the making of books is a lonely creative job. It does not thrive in the gaudy atmosphere of promotion. Only when a book is a finished, packaged product does it lend itself to promotion and exploitation. Until then it must be the unique work of a single mind, the author's, aided and stimulated and encouraged by the objective judgment and accumulated experience of the editor.

This close relationship, so essential to the first creative process, explains why inevitably both gentility and high pressure no longer suffice. Ultimately there must be a return to reliance on the working editor as collaborator. Skills and resources and techniques are still indispensable.

With a command of all three, the working editor operates anonymously, drawing upon a wide background of learning, including the humanities, the natural and social sciences and history, a general comprehension of the aims and difficulties of education, a familiarity with the manifold techniques developed by the graphic arts, a friendly but severely critical relationship with authors, a grasp of the problems of exploitation and distribution, an understanding of the law, a quick divination of the means by which opinion is shaped and influenced, and, above all, a constantly developing identification with the new forces operating in our culture. The editor's curiosity is no less than his skills; his enthusiasm no less than his diligence.

The ideal editor, therefore, is a worker, a student, a diplomat, a censor, a writer, a bit of what the French call an *idiot-savant*, an obstetrician, and baby-sitter. Above everything else he is a responsible man. The most obvious function he fulfils is as the liaison man between the writer and the reader, and everyone and everything between that beginning and that end. In that whole complex no relationship is more significant than the editor's—as representative of the author—to the graphic arts.

If so much can be said of the editor, how much more must be attributed to the technician? The generic word "technician" is here meant to include the designer, the compositor, the printer, the binder, the maker of dies and jackets and all the accouterments of a book.

The technician's role has been immeasurably important in the history of our culture from the time of the monk copyists to the era of the multiple-speed press. This craftsman-collaborator has gone through several incarnations. In the beginning the technician combined the activities of writer, editor, designer, hand-compositor, press man, and binder. He was closely identified with the entire creative process. Gutenberg, Jenson, Aldus, Froben, Caslon, Baskerville, Bodoni, William Morris, Franklin, Updike, and Bruce Rogers, to name a few in the great tradition, brought honor to the craft. The greatness of these men can well be attributed to their knowledge of the meaning and effect of the books on which they collaborated.

Speed and standardization, with mass production as their goal, have squeezed the technician into more and more confined specialization. The machine dominates him. He is forced by the increasing intricacy of his mechanical contrivances to devote himself exclusively to means. Thus it comes about that no longer has he time to consider the arrangement of words as ideas shaped into a coherent form to convey special meaning. But he has come to look upon them as mere blocks of copy to be confined within a specified page measure and given an even kiss, even if it may be the kiss of death!

IT IS not too much to hope that the technician can return to a realization of what he is doing, in spite of the enormous demands made on him merely to keep up with ever more complicated mechanical devices. It is perhaps impossible, in our culture, to revert to the ideals of the guildsman. But it is possible for the practitioner of the graphic arts to inquire occasionally into principles. If he cannot any longer become a guildsman, he need not, for example, aggressively assert his modernism, as many designers are inclined to do now, and take over the character of each book and superimpose upon it his own personality. In fact some designers are arrogating to themselves strange and unwarranted powers. They seem to be trying to oust the author and editor altogether. Many of their experiments

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Saxe Commins is editor-in-chief at Random House.

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are dilettantish and silly. What's worse, they succeed only in complicating and misinterpreting the ideas of the book they should be trying to simplify. There is even a new cult of designers who go so far as to insist that we have no right to use seventeenth- and eighteenth-century type faces in mid-twentieth-century books, as if the always valid test of legibility and clarity is archaic and no longer in force.

The technician, like the editor, must learn that each new book is a new entity which demands the fullest possible collaboration of values and functions. Each new book is the projection of a new set of ideas and a new personality—not the technician's and not the editor's, but the author's. Whose book is it anyhow?

Both the editor and the technician frequently evade this fundamental question and persuade themselves that the author is merely a necessary evil.

The editor certainly fails to represent the author if he cannot contribute a knowledge of the technical devices that give the writer's ideas their final form. It is nothing less than disgraceful for an editor not to know the consequences, through the entire printing process, of every mark he makes on a manuscript or galley. Without technical knowledge, the editor is constantly making unreasonable and impossible demands upon the designer and printer.

The technician, on the other hand, indifferent to the unique quality of every idea, is inclined to standardize everything for the sake of convenience and speed. He is captive to his own efficiency. He is bound by press schedules and the mechanical monsters that make no allowances for the human equation. Words are measured in ems, not in meanings and nuances and effect. An impression is not made on him, but on a sheet.

LITTLE wonder that the editor looks upon the technician as a kind of robot. In his lofty manner he accuses him of illiteracy and worse. Scornfully the technician consigns the editor to the quill age and charges him with an unwillingness or an inability to accommodate himself to an expanding technology.

These charges and countercharges indicate a fundamental difference and they create a relationship between the editor and the technician that is at best grudging. At worst, it breaks into open enmity. Generally, however, it stands at a kind of uneasy truce.

These may well be symptomatic of a deep conflict in our own culture, the clash between idea and technique.

It represents, to put it in its customary philosophical terms, the growing antagonism between *value* and *function*. If we define value as that which renders anything desirable and function as operation or performance, we can immediately see a source of conflict in a field that must be occupied simultaneously by machine and idea. The problem is whether these factors need be in conflict and how they can become reconciled. Particularly in the field of the communication of ideas must a harmony be established between value and function.

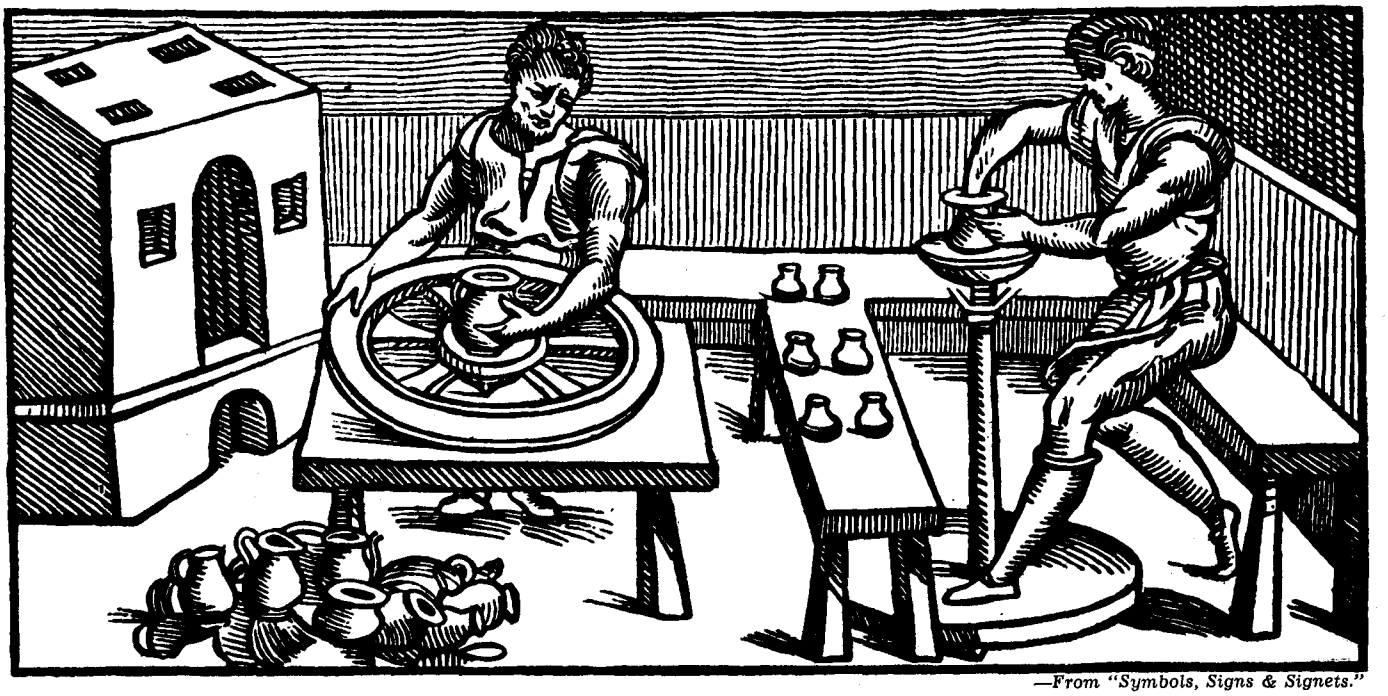
Manifestly, *value* recognizes and is dependent upon the instruments that give it form and being. It has no choice but to make greater and greater adjustment to the uses of the machine. *Function*, that is, operation, must accommodate itself to idea, to what is desirable.

No matter what supremacy the machine attains, it still is a non-purposive accumulation of whirring parts without the dynamics of ideas. Perfect the making of paper however you will, it is quite valueless without the ideas, again the values, good and bad, expressed in words and pictures on it. Increase the speed and efficiency of our presses, a high and low rate of impressions will be meaningless unless it is related to the purposes—the values—which speed and efficiency are supposed to achieve. Package a product as seductively as one can, it will avail nothing, except perhaps a little more quick money, if its content is shabby and meretricious. How far can one go in packaging? Before long the *reductio ad absurdum* begins to operate. A dust jacket on a book can be like the whited sepulchre. It cannot for long hide a decaying value of content.

In the hurly-burly of publishing more than 11,000 new titles each year, there is neither the leisure nor the inclination to examine the schism between the editor, supposedly championing value, and the technician, preoccupied with function. If for no other reason than economic necessity alone, a kind of harmony and reconciliation of purpose and a closer integration of resources and skills will have to be established. On this count alone value and function will have to be examined and re-appraised.

Consider, for example, the plight of

(*Continued on page 50*)



—*From "Symbols, Signs & Signets."*

Making pottery—"*function* must accommodate itself to an idea."

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Broadway Postscript

FRENCH FAMILY BARRAULT

WHAT is certainly the most ambitious theatrical project of our time will be attempted in New York next week when the Madeleine Renaud-Jean Louis Barrault Company moves into the Ziegfeld Theatre for a three-and-one-half-week stand. This *"petite tournée,"* as one of the company describes it, involves the presentation of four full-length plays and two double bills with all parts acted by a group of twenty-one actors. To compare the quality of the productions with that of the dazzling Old Vic performances here six years ago would be as silly as comparing French and British cooking. But it is my belief, after watching them in Montreal on two separate evenings, that this French company is in its way every bit as good as Olivier, Richardson, etc. Perhaps there are no individual performances as soul-shaking as Olivier's Oedipus, but the general level of company acting is higher, which makes for a more constant maintenance af audience interest.

The plays are, of course, being given in French, which will be something of a handicap to drama enthusiasts who cannot understand that tongue when they hear it at a rapid conversational pace. Oddly enough, Jean-Louis Barrault, the troupe's youthful father, is not terribly worried over the language barrier. He rejects the use of any device which might be used to give sub-titles and hopes that people will not try to read the texts of the plays during the performance.

"You see," he expostulated with a vigor reckless for a man who within a few hours had to act out the complete "Hamlet," "In a movie theatre the spectator is all alone, just as he is when he reads a book. On the screen is a dead thing and the sub-title is an added dead thing. From these two dead things you by yourself make something alive in your mind. But in the theatre the actors are alive and the spectator is conscious of the other living people around him. There is no place for any dead things which might interfere with the human contact that is there. If we actors are doing our job and the audience is sincerely trying to make contact with us the fundamental experience should be the same. After all, the best theatre comes in the silences between the dialogue. You know what the producer, Mr. Hurok, said when he came to the sold-out opening performance here? Someone asked him if he understood the language. Mr. Hurok, who does not speak much French, replied: 'I understand all languages when the theatre is full'."

M. Barrault—who can't help illustrating everything he says with a kind of comic pantomime (much the same as he did in "Children of Paradise," the film which first brought him to the attention of Americans)—roared with laughter. Then, becoming slightly more serious, he continued, "But the plays we've chosen for this tour are not too difficult to understand even if you don't know any French. We've tried to pick the ones in our repertory of twenty-seven pieces that are the least difficult and at the same time give a fan [a wide sampling] of what we do."

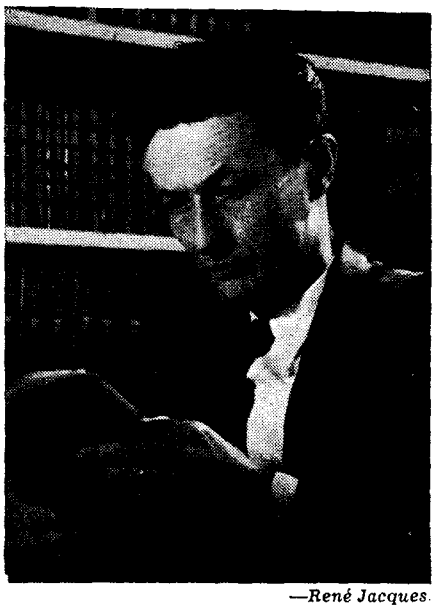
M. Barrault obliged by running down the list of scheduled attractions, giving an evaluation of the language difficulty of each and also an explanation of how it fitted into the company's scheme of things.

"Les Fausses Confidences" ("The False Secrets"), an Italian-style drawing room comedy by Marivaux; and "Baptiste," a pantomime-ballet by Jacques Prévert based on the actual pantomime "Marchand d'habit" ("Old Clothes Dealer") performed by Debureau more than a hundred years ago. (Nov. 12-15): "The Marivaux is a classic of its type and was popular around 1737. The play has many nuances, but it has the magic virtue of being written in heart language which everyone can understand. 'Baptiste' is done without words so no one who has arms and legs can help but understand it."

"Le Procès" ("The Trial") adapted by Barrault and André Gide from the novel by Kafka (Nov. 17-19): "This is a sample of what some people call avant-garde, but what I prefer to call part of the experimental section of our activities. It is mostly spectacle which should come across easily."

"Amphitryon," a court comedy, and "Les Fourberies de Scapin," a popular farce, both by Molière (Nov. 20-22): "These are also part of our classical program. The sets and costumes are by Christian Bérard and he died in the theatre looking at the very scenery we're using in 'Scapin.' It was directed by Louis Jouvet. The story of Amphitryon is familiar to all and 'Scapin' is simple like children at play."

"Occupe-toi d'Amélie" ("Keep Your Eye on Amelia"), a vaudeville by



—*René Jacques*

J. L. Barrault—"New York holocaust."

Georges Feydeau (Nov. 24-26): "A good company should play everything, and with this play we try to widen our means of expression. While written only forty years ago, it is a classic masterpiece of this type of thing. Halfway between comedy and musical comedy, it is done at a quick tempo in a style something like your Marx Brothers. It will be funny to everyone, except that you may not get some of the puns—for instance, when the not-so-educated cop confuses the coming of the Messiah (La venue de Messie) with a street in Paris (L'Avenue de Messine)."

"La Répétition" ("The Rehearsal"), a high comedy which concludes by making a bitter comment about the aristocracy, by Jean Anouilh (Nov. 27-29): "This represents the part of our activities which we devote to producing modern authors of high quality. If your French is not good, you may miss quite a bit in this play. You take the epigram which the countess tosses off as she turns to her too-stuffy lover: 'You have succeeded in doing a most extraordinary thing. You have made sin duller than virtue.' Some people may not get that, but there will be a very complete synopsis in the program which will help you follow what's happening."

"HAMLET" translated from the Shakespeare by André Gide (Dec. 1-6): "I did not want to bring 'Hamlet' to New York, but Mr. Hurok insisted. In France we need Shakespeare, but in London or New York I think it will be considered pretentious. Well, there is no help for it, we have been asked to appear in a New York holocaust. But at least we have put it at the end of the series so that we can get out of town quickly right afterwards."

The problem of doing "Hamlet"

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here really worries Barrault and the rest of his company, and perhaps he can now understand why Jose Ferrer turned down his invitation to play Molière's "Le Misanthrope" at the company's Théâtre Marigny in Paris. He is most anxious that Americans understand his interpretation of the play and has offered to try and give a lecture in English on the subject if enough people are interested.

He recognizes that something has been lost in translation ("How can you say in French 'the time is out of joint'? We say 'cet époque est désordonée,' but it is not right."), but he believes that his interpretation of the part would be equally feasible with the English text. Barrault sees Hamlet as a man who does not like blood and whose appetite for sexual activity has been spoiled by the disgusting spectacle of his mother's and uncle's lasciviousness. "I think neither Hamlet nor his father had great business for women anyway. That's why the queen is so quick to marry Claudius. Their actions start in Hamlet his first doubt about original sin, which is strengthened by the Ghost's reference to Claudius as the serpent in the garden. [Barrault toys with the idea that the tragedy that occurred in the Garden of Eden was the separation of humanity into masculine and feminine and that maybe the tension within all of us comes from an unconscious effort to get back to that original unity.] So in a way Hamlet becomes a conscientious objector before God."

While the actor-director regards Hamlet as physically and morally chaste, he likes to compare him to a house inside which all the pipes have burst. "Sensuality has burst all through Hamlet's body. Instead of being canalized into sexuality, it shows itself in other ways. His friendship for Horatio is just as strong as his love for Ophelia, but there is nothing sexual about either of these loves."

On the subject of Hamlet's madness M. Barrault is quite specific. He interprets it as following a more or less definite course. "In the first act, Hamlet is filled with despair but is completely normal. Then after the shock of seeing the Ghost, until he is sent off to England, he alternates between madness and sanity. As Coleridge said, Hamlet reaches such a point of lucidity that it borders on madness. You will notice he is never quite as lucid at those times when he counterfeits madness, and that his nearest approach to madness comes in the soliloquies where he is also being most lucid. His trip on which he encounters pirates and sees Rosencranz and Guildenstern killed constitutes a second shock which washes away his madness and leaves him in a state of superior serenity in which he accepts his coming death as the happiest of all states."

Montreal critics were divided in their evaluation of Barrault's "Hamlet" after previously giving unanimous rave notices to "Les Fausses Confidences" and "Les Fourberies de Scapin." For the French Hamlet is not the usual romantic performance. In the first soliloquy Hamlet speaks with the savagery of a wild beast. "Call it Gallic indignation," jokes Barrault when asked about it. Later when Ophelia goes mad she demonstrates her pent-up sensuality in a way that is just as frankly sexual as Shakespeare's usually omitted lines. The role is played by Simon Valère, a young and lovely edition of Yvonne Printemps, who blushes in surprise when anyone tells her that her performance is strongly sexual.

MISS VALERE, like the rest of the company, is hoping very much for a successful stand in New York. For one thing, the troupe needs money to continue. They are not subsidized and, although the cost of a production is sometimes as little as $3,000, they are dedicated to doing the not necessarily commercial sort of thing. If their twenty-eight performances at the Ziegfield are oversubscribed, and the advance sale indicates that this is a strong possibility, the company may play an extra two weeks.

The company at the Marigny was formed around a nucleus of actors who had resigned from the Comédie Française. It differs from the Government-subsidized national theatre in that it is free to propose innovations even in a classic. "In other words," says Barrault, "we claim the right to make mistakes in our interpretation. The Comédie must not make mistakes. Now in our 'Scapin' we have Geronte enter with an umbrella. That was an innovation that came out of the 1913 production by Jacques Copeau. Louis Jouvet passed this tradition on to us. Maybe someday the Comédie will pick it up. Maybe if we last as long as the Comédie we'll have as many traditions as they have."

So far, through the grace of God and the contributions from some of Barrault's movie salaries, the Compagnie Renaul-Barrault has existed for seven years as the world's only unsubsidized repertory theatre that alternates classic, modern, and experimental productions with a topflight professional company. In those seven years the turnover of personnel has been less than 25 per cent, which is remarkable considering the necessity of getting new actors for the younger roles. Their permanence and remarkable *esprit de corps* is largely due to the personality of the forty-three-year-old Barrault.

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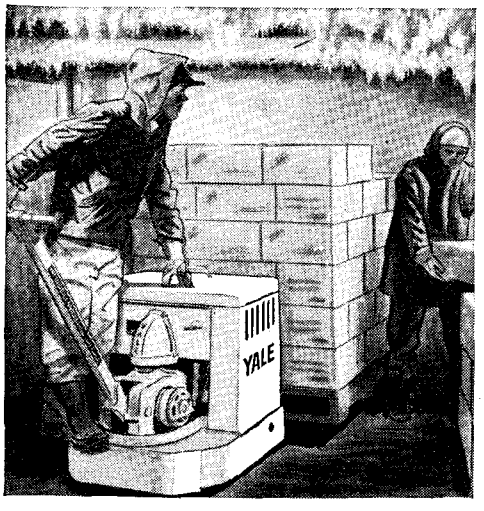
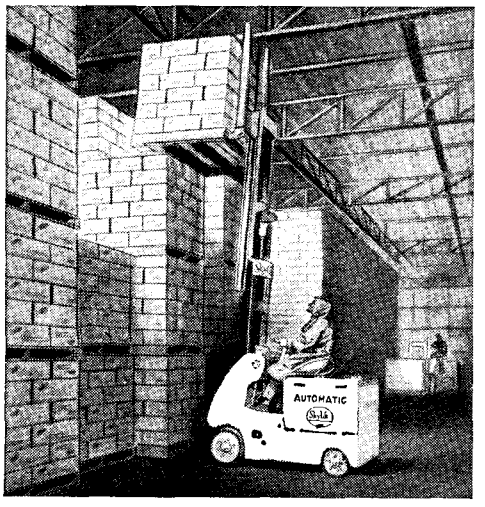


30 below in the summertime. Men must be clothed like Eskimos to withstand the sub-zero temperatures in processing plants. But freezing cold or tropic heat is taken right in stride by YALE Electric Hand-Powered Worksavers designed to operate in areas too confined for larger trucks.



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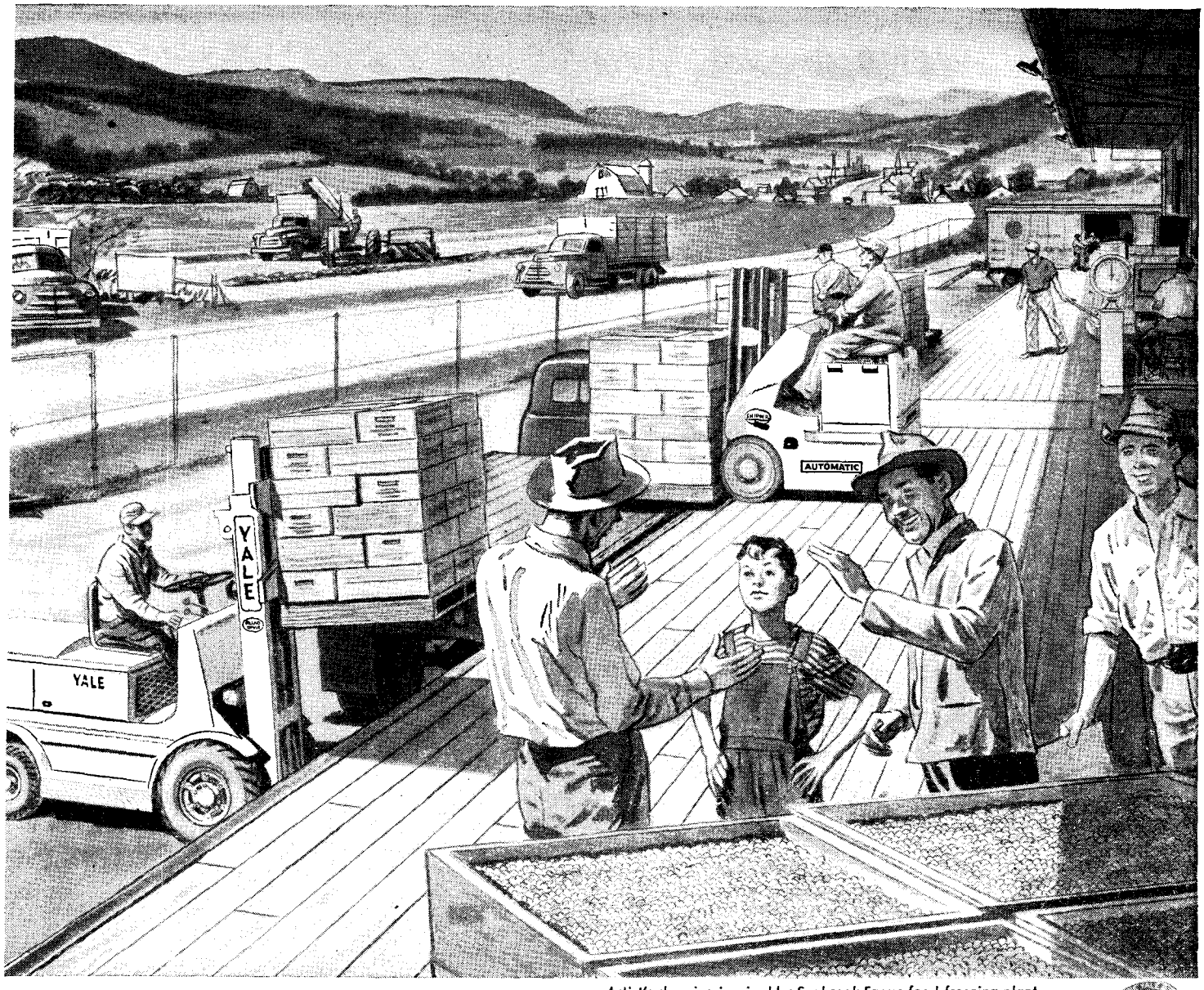
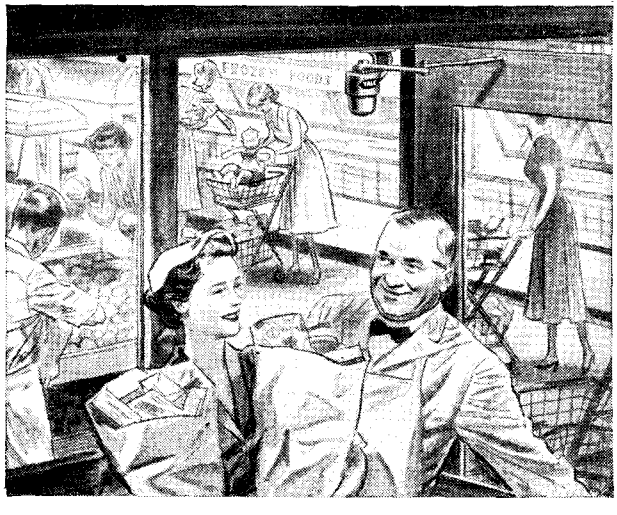


Artist's drawing inspired by Seabrook Farms food-freezing plant.



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and the material sacrifices he has made in order that the company exist like a family.

His assets include an extraordinary energy, an unceasing desire to learn and grow, a quick sense of humor which takes the curse off the pretentiousness which goes with a dedication to the theatre, and a melancholy warmth which if not kept under control could destroy him. He is one of a kind, as is his company, and no one who loves THE THEATRE can afford not to see them.

GILBERT and SULLIVAN is a special world, where the charm is of the 1880's but where the satire seems to be eternal. The S. M. Chartock Company with the aid of former D'Oyly Carter Martyn Green has in its initial offering, "The Mikado," concentrated more on the former, and the result is an evening which is sleepy and slow, if mildly pleasant, during much of its course. The handicap of working in the mammoth Mark Hellinger Theatre, where the actors apparently cannot use the frontmost section of the stage, tends to weaken further the concentration of Gilbert's wit. This leaves as the only assets a pleasingly costumed, articulately voiced cast and, of course, the never-to-be-underestimated caprices of Mr. Green. This nonpareil of rubber-legged buffoonery, wearing a semi-pilgaric makeup, is so quiet, sure, and versatile as to keep the rest of the cast in awe. Perhaps when this awe wears off the new company will pick up some vigor and acting balance so that audiences will be laughing at W. S. Gilbert as much as it is at the world's leading Savoyard. —HENRY HEWES.

Stage Ifs & Buts

COMING TO TERMS: English and American seem to be the same language until you pick up a dictionary of the colloquialisms used within a particular profession. Wilfred Granville's **"Theatre Dictionary"** (Philosophical Library $5) contains a great many expressions culled from both sides of the water, but is, quite naturally, predominantly British. For instance, he includes the information that Robert Donat is nicknamed Bobby Doughnut by his old Bensonian cronies, but fails to mention that Elia Kazan's friends call him Gadge. Mr. Granville is also foolish enough to include definitions of such ecumenical words as "bad" and "bobby pin," and occasionally is just plain wrong as in his definition of "pong," which actually means to stress a line hard, as opposed to its antonym "ping," which means to hit the speech very softly. —H. H.

SR Goes to the Movies

AWFULLY DAMNED QUIET IN HERE

—*From "The Thief."*

Ray Milland and Rita Gam—"changes his mind at the climax."

A QUARTER of a century ago, when "talkies" were the novelty of the day, the movie houses lured passers-by with the promise of "100 per cent all-talking" pictures. Today the wheel has turned full cycle round. "The Thief" (United Artists) makes its bid for patronage as the first 100 per cent *non*-talking picture. And it is good to be reminded how effective silence can be from time to time, how fully an inner conflict can be reflected in a tiny gesture, the eloquence of an inanimate object shown in close-up. The master directors of the silent film developed to a fine point this art of saying much with a minimum of words, of letting their cameras speak for them. Unfortunately, Clarence Greene and Russell Rouse in creating "The Thief," while ostensibly going back to silent techniques, have failed to grasp that one essential quality. They have instead prepared a story in which no one, we are asked to believe, is ever in the position of having to speak. Which means that the sound camera must be used very much the same as in any other talking picture. There just isn't as much for it to listen to.

"The Thief" presents Ray Milland as an atomic scientist in the Government's employ who, somewhat unwillingly, passes along top secret information to the agents of an unnamed (though reasonably obvious) foreign power. Martin Gabel, his contact with the opposition, signals Milland into his presence by ringing the telephone three times, then hanging up. (If Milland had ever once answered that phone, of course, the whole trick would have been ruined.) The meetings between the scientist and the agent are equally silent. Gabel waits on a shadowy street until Milland appears, then tosses a cigarette wrapper containing the instructions on the sidewalk.

Milland furtively sweeps it into his pocket and goes his way. His secrets are delivered in the quiet of the Library of Congress. Eventually, however, their plans go awry. One of the innumerable contacts used to pass information along from Washington to the International Airport is run down,

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his microfilms discovered by the FBI. Milland must go into hiding, then into full flight from the pursuing detectives.

Much of this makes for good, exciting, cinematic action. Milland's indecision, his unwillingness to continue as a spy are conveyed effectively enough through silence. Later in his shabby hideout Milland paces the floor in a frenzy of fear: the camera intensifies his claustrophobic panic. And the flight itself, strikingly photographed in the New York subways, the city's streets, the tower of the Empire State Building, comes off extremely well—as movie chases generally do. But because the script insists on keeping its people apart from revealing themselves through speech, we are never permitted to understand the motivations of any of them.

* * *

Speaking of silent pictures, there must still be a few old fans around who can remember the 1922 version of "The Prisoner of Zenda," which served to introduce to the screen a young, volatile Ramon Novarro as the villainous Rupert of Hentzau while a dashing Lewis Stone played the dual roles of Rudolf Rassendyll and King Rudolf V of Ruritania. In M-G-M's current Technicolored reincarnation (actually the fourth time around for the venerable Anthony Hope romance), Stone is again present, now stately in Cardinal's robes, but the leads have been assigned to a younger generation.

Stewart Granger does the roles of both Rudolfs, James Mason—as punctiliously evil as Erich Von Stroheim ever was—plays Rupert. Mason glowers and smirks incessantly while Granger, painfully self-conscious, reads off lines like, "I haven't lived like a king, but I can die like one," or says, to Deborah Kerr, "You'll be a brave queen and do your part?" It may be asking too much of any actor to handle such material with conviction these days, but the whole rich, lavish production is sadly lacking in either buoyancy or grace. In fact, there hangs over it all the heavy disenchantment of a "cloudland revisited," and you might be well advised to wait until Metro tries again—probably as a musical next time, with Mario Lanza.

* * *

For some reason, despite years and years of making Westerns, Hollywood has never celebrated on the screen one of the West's own heroes, the rodeo rider. In "The Lusty Men" (RKO) producer Jerry Wald ably makes amends for this oversight. His story, by Horace McCoy, may lack the novelty of his backgrounds, but it is still a stoutly serviceable affair and, as directed by Nicholas Ray, generates both excitement and credibility. In it Robert Mitchum agrees to teach Arthur Kennedy the ropes for a price. Kennedy climbs quickly and—as so often happens with movie "champions"—he soon is spending his winnings on wine and other women instead of saving for that little ranch on which he had planned to settle down with wife Susan Hayward. Mitchum nobly sacrifices himself to make things right for both of them. The action sequences, in which some of the top riders of our times participate, are all beyond reproach; while the behind-the-scenes characters — particularly Arthur Hunnicutt's crippled rodeo tramp—have an unusually authentic ring to them. Robert Mitchum, as the rodeo has-been, is outstanding in a generally superior cast.

—Arthur Knight.

SR Recommends

Limelight: Chaplin's new film, hailed by some as a masterpiece, criticized by others as sentimental and banal, but well worth seeing at either evaluation. (*SR* Oct. 25.)

The Magic Box: A polystellar biography of the Mr. Chips who invented motion pictures (according to the English). (*SR* Oct. 18.)

A Father's Dilemma: An Italian villager loses a dress, makes love, brawls with the town in a brilliant imported comedy. (*SR* Oct. 18.)

The Promoter: Alec Guinness scores once again, this time in an adroitly paced adaptation of Arnold Bennett's "The Card." (*SR* Oct. 11.)

O. Henry's Full House: A quintet of O. Henry stories generally well translated to the film medium. (*SR* Sept. 13).

Beauty and the Devil: The Faust legend imbued by René Clair with his unique kind of frolic. (*SR* Sept. 13.)

The Quiet Man: John Ford goes back to the Old Sod to discover the loves and sports of Irishmen. (*SR* Aug. 23.)

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TV and Radio

A TIME FOR ANGER?

ONE of the best things about the broadcasting business is that its managers are totally committed to the proposition that they are giving the audience what it wants. The nonsense about the art being only in its infancy is seldom heard in extenuation of bad workmanship or feeble creative power, the drumbeaters for the industry implying all the time that the product is about as good as it possibly can be.

The only time the executive vice presidents flare up is when an intellectual ventures a criticism, and many intellectuals are wide open to the charge that they would gladly sacrifice Berle and Caesar and Gracie Allen in favor of a sort of glorified Third Programme of art, drama, and a few satiric comedians.

As I wish my head to remain as unbloodied as it is unbowed, I sidestep and call to witness Mr. Robert C. Ruark, a popular columnist of the New York *World-Telegram and Sun* who would probably ask triple damages if anyone called him an intellectual. A former sports writer, an enthusiast for baseball, Mr. Ruark was offended at the orders given, he says, to players in the recent World Series. In deference to the television audience the players "were forbidden to argue with umpires . . . They were supposed to mind their language . . ." and so on. All this is Ruark warming up. Here's the pitch:

"Baseball was here considerably before television, and will probably outlast it. I see no reason to start trimming up . . . the sport to make it conform to a medium which, for bad taste and incompetence, is unparalleled as an art form."

Batter out?

I understand that Mr. Ruark was angry and took to calling names. What interests and a little confuses me are the names he chose to call. Bad taste? Incompetence? The professional critics, Harriet Van Horne and Jack Gould and John Crosby among them, have all within recent months complained that television is becoming muscle-bound, repetitious, unenterprising; the less frequent (and angrier) critics have denounced the prevalence of murder, the aggressive tone of commercials, and the failure to satisfy anything beyond the common level of interest. And coupled with these objections you usually have a bit of flattery for the technical skill and the growing efficiency of the professionals.

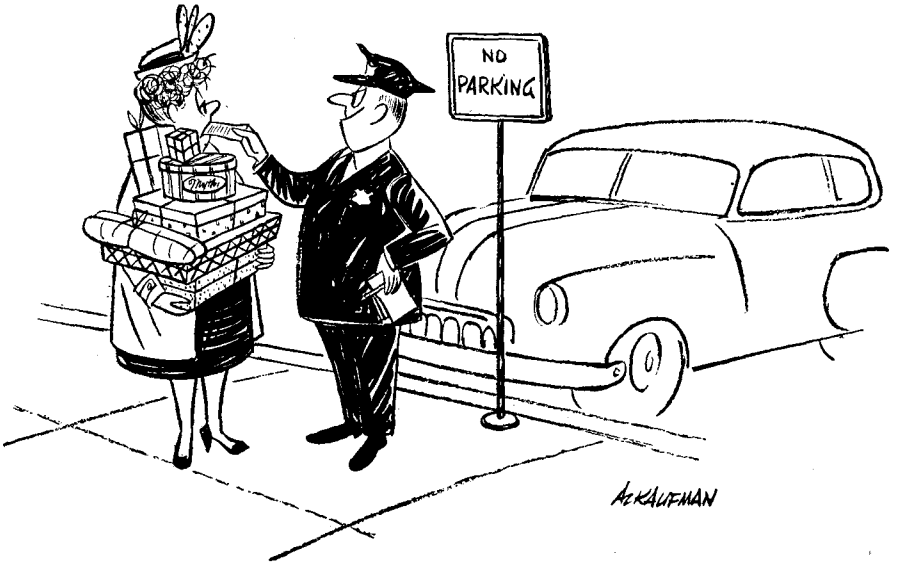
But if Mr. Ruark is a little wide of the mark, the emotion behind his attack is a genuine one and it reappears in many forms. The broadcasters should recognize it for what it really is—an expression of disappointment, so generalized and diffused that they cannot even use it as a guide to amending their ways. They should understand that a high point in television's brief life came about two years ago when almost all the great comedians got into the field, when the big hour dramatic shows were giving off a sense of importance, and when the Kefauver Committee transmissions were a revelation not so much of the connection between crime and politics as of a new engine of communication functioning powerfully throughout the land. This year, in spite of the conventions and the campaign, nothing has touched the imagination in the same degree, except the first Nixon broadcast, which (non-politically) stirred latent doubts almost in proportion to its effectiveness.

Writing even before the Kefauver broadcasts, an exceptionally acute observer, Charles Siepmann, declared that we were already passing through the Golden Age of television and warned us that unless we were vigilant television would take the easy way of presenting material of lower and lower quality to the audience of the easily satisfied. I did not agree with him then and still do not feel that television is irretrievably on the downgrade. But I think that part of the current disappointment reflects a lowering of quality level in the most popular programs. With the enchanting exception of the Berle show, all the big ones seem to have started two or three steps down from where they left off last spring. Some have made comebacks (like the Caesar-Coca program) and some have not. "I Love Lucy" started low and has regained position because its imitators, fresh in the field, started lower still. The half-hour filmed dramas out of Hollywood have made the live local products seem miracles of intelligence and taste, which they are not. The panels are exactly what they've always been, and the quiz-and-give-aways are what you'd expect.

The broadcasters are caught in a merciless revolving door: they have to keep the popular shows going, which means routine; and at the same time they need something fresh and exciting. The giant stride taken by television in the past three years has had astounding economic consequences which drive the managers to safe routines; the still unmeasured social consequences seem, at this moment, to demand experiment, new ideas (already!), and enterprise.

It isn't an enviable position, and it will not get better if critics are prematurely petulant and broadcasters oversensitive to criticism. Unlike radio and the movies, television is being subjected to first-rate criticism in its formative period and the critics as well as the broadcasters are trying to explore the potential values of the new medium. The broadcasters will have the greater rewards, but they are obligated to listen to the critics, for substantially the critics represent the public (if not the audience) and the stake of the public in television is even greater than that of the broadcasters.

—GILBERT SELDES.



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LETTERS

(*Continued from page 25*)

in a jostling match with fellow tourists and plagued by hucksters determined to sell shoddy souvenirs."

I have lived in the Lake District for eight years, and I was surprised and puzzled when I read the words I have quoted. I thought of the boys I teach at Windermere Grammar School and of their parents but could not call to mind one huckster or potential huckster. I thought of the difficulty a man has in getting permission to put up a sign outside his garage or to sell ice cream.

I took the review to school and my colleagues were quite baffled until one of them said "Grasmere Sports!" Yes, that must be the explanation. It is the one day in the year when cheapjacks invade the district to prey on the large crowd which attends the sports meeting.

I assure you that the Lake District is largely unspoilt. In this county of Westmorland, for example, the density of population is ninety-five to the square mile and the largest town, Kendal, has only 18,000 people. If Mr. Redman's words go unchallenged, your readers will have a completely wrong impression of this part of England as it is today.

DESMOND HARTLEY.

Windermere, England.

A Going Concern

▶ AS ONE WHO has recently become interested in Esperanto as an auxiliary world language (after having thoroughly investigated Basic English and IALA), may I venture to challenge a few misleading statements in quotations cited by W. L. Werner in "English for the World" [*SR* Oct. 4].

The first pronouncement comes from Prof. Hugo Muensterberg, who apparently dismissed Esperanto as "essentially a mutilation of Spanish and French." It is true that Dr. Zamenhof built his Esperanto vocabulary predominantly on Latin, which language is the basis for French, Spanish, and Italian. It is also true that there is such a large element of Latin in English that an English-speaking person would comprehend more than 70 per cent of these roots. Besides Latin, Esperanto takes roots from the Greek, English, German, and Slavic tongues. The structure of Esperanto makes the language peculiarly acceptable to the Orientals. In Japan, for instance, it is taught in thirty universities and fifty grade schools.

The next statement that needs comment comes from Prof. C. K. Ogden, the inventor of Basic English, who mentions "the dependence of Esperanto on inflections, along with some fifty prefixes and suffixes." The sixteen simple rules of grammar assure completely unambiguous expression of the most subtle and abstract thought, and the simple and regular inflections of Esperanto are certainly easier to learn than the erratic word-order of English or Basic English. There are eight prefixes and twenty-eight basic suffixes —among them such universally understood ones as *dis, mal, mis, re, ebl, er, et, in, ing, ism, ist.*

Mr. Werner does not exempt Esperanto from the charge that most artificial languages "do not yet have translations from classics in other languages nor new authors of their own to help spread their appeal." He perhaps did not know that many of the great classics have been translated from old and modern authors, poetry included, and that there are many works written originally in Esperanto. In all, there are some 8,000 books in Esperanto.

Esperanto is the only living interlanguage that is a going concern today. It has amply proved its practicability and is in daily use among millions. Ten times easier to learn than any other language and declared by members of the French Academy to be "a masterpiece of logic and simplicity," it is well worth the considered attention of every world-minded citizen who believes, with former Assistant Secretary of State William Benton, that "in an atomic age, understanding, not bombs, is the last best hope on earth."

E. YUNGHANS.

Verona, N. J.

"Religion and the Modern Mind"

▶ "I BELIEVE IN GOD, the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, His Only Son, Our Lord, Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, died and was buried. He descended into hell; the third day He rose again from the dead. He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty, from whence He shall come to judge the living and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the ressurection of the body, and life everlasting. Amen."

These are the main dogmas of the Christian faith. Paul Arthur Schilpp, who reviews W. T. Stace's "Religion and the Modern Mind" [*SR* Oct. 11] is identified as "ordained minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church." Yet the way in which he refers to the fact that Stace thinks *there is no place for religion in the modern* world "if you mean the outmoded creeds and dogmas of most of the world's official religions" leaves one wondering whether Dr. Schilpp himself believes that the Creed is "outmoded." It would be interesting, I believe, to have his stand clarified.

REV. HAROLD C. GARDINER, S.J.
Literary Editor, *America.*

New York, N. Y.

The Constitution of Christ

▶ I AM HESITANT to reply to my brother, The Rev. Harold C. Gardiner, S.J., for fear that I shall only further offend and perhaps obscure the hallowed associations, the many fine emotions, and the vital ethical principles which we both share.

Neither a sense of "understanding" his

position nor a spirit of charity can well be expressed in a brief answer. If they will be assumed to accompany brevity, I shall be direct in making the reply which his honest question demands.

Yes, I think the Apostles' Creed and the Athanasian Creed are both obsolete. In one sense, I believe they were obsolete when they were first fabricated by Christianized Greek metaphysicians, for *they represent an emphasis upon coercive* intellectual credence and an association with institutional religion of the very sort which Jesus tried to reform.

Probably the historical Jesus would have embraced the first proposition (of the quoted Creed) with complete warmth, without argument, and in the thought-forms of his day. And, of course, he knew from first-hand experience the tragic facts that "He suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified." Most of the remainder would, I believe, have mystified him. It expresses a creedal religion *about* Jesus; it does *not* express the religion of Jesus. One notes that the Creed passes from his alleged miraculous birth (poetry, I believe) to his passion, omitting his life and teachings. The Sermon on the *Mount—the real Constitution of ethical* Christianity—receives no reference.

I believe that, until we can learn to live as if we were all members of the family of God, as if we were brothers, we have not found "the way," and therefore are literally "lost." This enduring truth, taught by the Prophet of Nazareth—as well as by other prophets—is not outmoded. It is deeper even than the utilitarian consequences which follow from it. But, one might add, if we do not learn more of the tenderness of Jesus, there will be continued "wailing and gnashing of teeth." It would seem to be an empirical forecast that, if we do not become "poor in spirit," "peace-makers," and "mourners," there will be "fire and brimstone" (atomic and hydrogen bombs).

I must add that the Methodist Church must not be held responsible for any ideas expressed in this letter. Fortunately (for me) I belong to a Communion which not merely allows much freedom of thought and of expression, but which was founded by one who asked for only one test: "If you love Jesus Christ, give me your hand."

PAUL ARTHUR SCHILPP.

Evanston, Ill.

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Music to My Ears

BRITTEN'S "BILLY BUDD" ON NBC TV—MALCUZYNSKI IN RECITAL

NO other event of the "live" musical week compared in interest or importance with the resumption of NBC's series of televised operas, with an hour and a half devoted to the first hearing in America of scenes from Benjamin Britten's "Billy Budd." Much that was pertinent to Britten and his art emerged from this experience, but even more that left one with an intensified respect for the expertness of NBC's TV team beginning with producer Samuel Chotzinoff and television director Kirk Browning, seeping down through conductor Peter Herman Adler to all the personnel involved. Considering the problems involved, the results were light-years ahead of the old primitive qualities considered acceptable in bygone "Pagliaccis" and "Carmens."

Those problems included a consistently conversational score, which had to be thoroughly integrated with the action if the composer's purpose were to be respected; a tricky vocal line, which alternated between proselike inflections and bursts of semi-melodic declamation; the confining vocal colors of an all-male cast; the sudden variations from group to individual action and back again, around and about the area of the frigate *Indomitable* (1797 style), on which the action takes place. What met the eye and the ear held the interest and stimulated the mind.

How what was seen or heard represented Britten's complete intention remained a question. But it may be said that most of the judgments induced by the excerpts were complimentary ones. In a large view, they attested his sensitive response to the major challenge of Melville's novel: the ability to delineate such dramatic intangibles as the conflict between good and evil; the capacity to invoke an individual speech for Captain Vere and for Billy Budd, for Claggert and for Dansker. If the function of the composer working with literary materials is to add a dimension to the effect conveyed by the original words, Britten—with a large assist from E. M. Forster and Eric Crozier, who created the sung text—has accomplished that end with success.

Anyone who knows "Peter Grimes" will be conscious of numerous family resemblances—the same kind of imagery to suggest the underlying swell of the sea, a similar poetic strain to portray the creature of destiny that Billy Budd is, no less than Peter Grimes. Both are good men, undone by a single violent act; both are good men who are thrust, by circumstances beyond their control, into anti-social attitudes. Billy, certainly, is a more shining specimen of manhood than Grimes—which may mean, merely, that Britten has been driven toward a more idealized hero to convey his sense of man's inhumanity to man. Together they emphasize Britten's keenly contemporary viewpoint, not alone in the musical styles with which they voice their personal woes, but more particularly in the ways in which they synthesize the essential conflict of the day—man's nobler spiritual impulses in conflict with his more ignoble, temporal ones.

Needless to say, few of these values would have emerged had the quality of interpretative effort been meager or insufficient. As Billy, Theodor Uppman (who created the role in London) gave us a powerfully visual sense of goodness, as well as a sufficing voice for the music; Andrew McKinley added to the repute of his magician in "The Consul" with a maturely sensitive characterization of Edward Fairfax Vere, who has to make the hard decision of life and death for Billy; and Leon Lishner (another "Consul" veteran) was a perfect Claggert, an Iago of another land and century, equally aware of his duplicity and also of his inability to master it. Minor, but important, roles were admirably conveyed by Kenneth Smith (Dansker), Paul Ukena (Sailing Master), David Williams (The Novice), and virtually all others in the numerous cast.

Malcuzynski—"both power and finesse."

Recalling a composite impression of the press reaction to the Covent Garden production, I would say that "Billy Budd" is a longer stride forward for Britten than one had been led to expect. However, recalling the abridged recording of "The Rape of Lucretia" against its totality at the Ziegfeld Theater, one might say that the sum of Britten's parts can be greater than the whole. In any case, he owes NBC TV, and Peter Adler in particular, a debt of gratitude for making this introductory experience as much to his credit as it was.

* * *

Witold Malcuzynski is a pianist who makes a large, often a splendid, sound from his instrument. He has both power and finesse, no mean amount of technical resource, and sufficient control of it to assure almost consistent accuracy. The consequence of such gifts, however, may be hardship; for a big equipment imposes on its owner the obligation to deal with big musical works—and the gods do not necessarily dispense evenly the abilities thus implied.

At his reappearance in Carnegie Hall (after an absence since 1949) Malcuzynski made a deep impression on me with his pianistic power as measured against the B minor Sonata of Liszt. Taking together such values as dynamic range, vibrant tone at extremes of loudness and softness, even articulation of difficulties, his total came closer to the high standard of Horowitz than any other performance I can remember. But the musical vision, the integrated sense of structure, the capacity to sustain the attention in quiet moments as well as agitated ones, came and went. They were never present in equal amounts at all times, as such a work demands. Withal it remained the most impressive thing Malcuzynski has done here since his debut as "the last pupil of Paderewski" in 1942, if merely sustaining hope rather than fulfilling promise.

Record Week

SO much of the Mozart we have had in recent years has come from Vienna or in the Viennese tradition that it is something of a shock to encounter another sense of style at work in the sizable quantity of works Columbia has released under the direction of Pablo Casals. As one who observed the primitive conditions under which they were recorded, I can only express admiration for the general technical qualities they embody, while not rating them more than pass-

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ing fair by the highest standards of the day.

Certainly Casals is represented fairly as to the kind of Mozart he strove to convey; whether it will appeal to all is another matter. Where I find myself in disagreement, sometimes to the point of puzzlement, is in the stress on accents, the articulation of rhythms, the contrasts of dynamics which, taken together, produce a rather abrupt, discontinuous kind of Mozart. These qualities afflict various works in various degree: most pronouncedly, to my ear, in the "Kleine Nachtmusik" and A major Symphony (No. 29) on ML 4563, and almost as much in the Divertimento in D (No. 11) on ML 4566. Note that on the reverse of this same disk, in which Marcel Tabuteau (oboe), William Primrose (viola), Isaac Stern (violin), and Paul Tortelier, cello, play superbly the F major Oboe Quartet (K. 370), the exaggerated attack is almost wholly absent, the style much more what would expect as a norm of Mozart from four qualified players.

The degree of it tends to decline in the concerted works with such people as Stern and Primrose playing the "Sinfonia Concertante" K. 364 for violin and viola (ML 4564), the A major violin Concerto with Erica Morini (ML 4565), and the E flat Piano Concerto K. 271 with Myra Hess (ML 4568). Here it would appear that the counterbalance of the soloist's own conception or merely the ameliorating influence of another strong personality close by makes a more familiar Mozart than the rather special Casals sort heard elsewhere. My special favorite among these is the violin concerto, in which Morini performs with a highly satisfying blend of elegance and vitality. Hess plays her work splendidly for the most part, and with remarkable artistry in the slow movement, but the finale is technically untidy. Stern and Primrose provide the greatest virtuosity I have yet heard in a performance of the glorious "Sinfonia Concertante," though a comparison with the less glossy but more flowing performance by Walter Barylli and Paul Doktor on Westminster WL 5107 or the well-balanced one by Josef and Lillian Fuchs on Decca DL 9596 will show that the kind of drive on which Casals insists in the fast movements can be overdone.

It's quite possible that some listeners will find this to their taste, as filling in a dimension of Mozart some conductors undervalue. But the range of choice that now exists in Mozart on LP makes it rather unnecessary for one to chose between evils, no matter how well motivated; there are quite enough performances that come closer to the ideal than those of Casals for one to seek them out rather than settling for the lure of his reputation. (As a bonus, the complete issue offers a disk containing Casals's own rather labored playing of a Haydn adagio with Eugene Istomin at the piano on one side and a facsimile autograph on the other.) The Mozart series also contains performances of the Piano Concertos No. 14 (K. 449) by Istomin, No. 22 in B flat by Rudolf Serkin, and No. 27 in B flat by Mieczyslaw Horszowski, also the G major Flute Concerto by John Wummer, but these have not reached me yet.

The enterprising musicologists of Westminster have provided a special service for the Mozart minded in recording Paul Badura Skoda's finely phrased playing of four keyboard works on two different instruments. WL 5154 presents the F major Sonata (K. 533, with the rondo K. 494), the D major Rondo (K. 485), the Fantasy and Fugue in C (K. 394), and the B minor Adagio (K. 540) on a modern piano. WL 5153 offers the same literature on a restoration of an instrument built in 1785, and considered very similar to those in use in Mozart's time. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Science. Man's existence on this earth has been traced back about five hundred thousand years and the attainment of civilization about five thousand. During that time the problem of mastering physical environment has been paramount, and anyone who has proved in practice the workability of some technique in extending this mastery may lay claim to the title of scientist. Of course, scientific methods have been applied to every imaginable field of human activity where the accumulation of knowledge becomes necessary. Some indication of the role that science has played in the past, in the present, and of its place in the future may be gathered from the variety of books reviewed this week. The publication of George Sarton's writings is an event eagerly awaited by those interested in the history of science. Mr. Sarton's "A History of Science: Ancient Science through the Golden Age of Greece" (below) eminently fulfils expectations. The rest of the books detail the scope of scientific research and experiments which are laying the groundwork for man's future in worlds beyond our own.

A Curiosity of Destiny

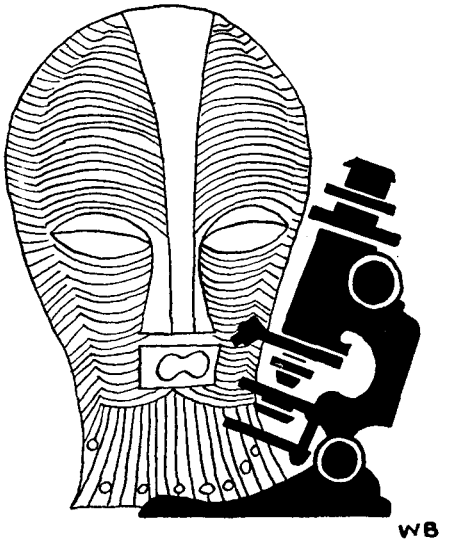
A HISTORY OF SCIENCE: Ancient Science Through the Golden Age of Greece. By George Sarton. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 646 *pp.* $10.

By Ashley Montagu

GEORGE SARTON is the world's leading historian of science and one of the world's greatest humanists. Everyone who knows George Sarton also knows that he is one of the greatest of human beings as human being. As founder and for the last forty years editor of the international journal of the history of science, *Isis*, Sarton has written the most unique editorials to be found in any scientific journal, breathing such warmth and love of humanity, such concern for the truth, and withal characterized by so frank and fresh an ardor in the cause of the history of science, that I have known a good number of persons to become subscribers simply out of sheer enthusiasm for these unparalleled editorials.

Sarton is, of course, famous for his magisterial and monumental "Introduction to the History of Science" (which ends at the termination of the fourteenth century), but that is not a work which is meant to be read consistently—primarily it is a reference work. Those who are familiar with Sarton's more general works, such as his volume of essays, "The Life of Science," will know that there are few scholars or scientists today who write as beautifully or as interestingly as he. No one living today has so extensive or profound a grasp of the history of science as Sarton, and with the peculiar adornment of qualities which are so essentially his, he has now embarked upon an enterprise which will add further to his laurels as well as to the reader's pleasure and permanent enlightenment.

This enterprise is no less than a complete history of science from its beginnings to the present day. There will be some ten volumes altogether, each complete in itself, but also at the same time part of the whole corpus of knowledge concerning the history of science. When completed Sarton's history will be the most thorough ever written. In the present volume, the first of the series to be published, Sarton commences with a survey of ancient science and continues through the Golden Age of Greece. In twenty-four chapters Sarton ranges over the whole area of science from prehistoric times, and takes us to Egypt, Mesopotamia, the Aegean, Assyria, Persia, and Greece.



Very sensibly Sarton treats of the development of science in prehistoric times and among non-literate (so called "primitive") peoples in a general rather than in a particular manner. This choice of handling a rather vast amount of material often of a highly conjectural if not of a controversial nature saves the reader a great deal of trouble and leaves him with a sharper understanding of the essential facts than would have been the case had the author attempted to handle them in a more particular manner. At the same time this first chapter once more underscores the great desirability of a work that much needs to be done, namely, a thoroughgoing history of primitive science. Thorndike's great work, "A History of Magic and Experimental Science," admirable in every way as it is, doesn't quite cover the ground—in fact, there is no work that anywhere nearly adequately does so. We must, therefore, be all the more grateful to Sarton for his excellent general discussion.

As one reads the pages of Sarton's book one cannot fail to be impressed again and again by the great and continuing humanizing role which science has played in the history of mankind. It is true that many scientific discoveries have been put to anti-human and to dehumanizing uses, but it has been very rarely—until the recent period—that scientists have participated in so debasing their discoveries—and this is where we may recognize a serious danger, namely, the danger of the scientist's debasement as a human being. The inhuman use of science is not only ethically wrong, it is also scientifically wrong, and, in my opinion, if the history of science teaches us anything it is that the time-honored statement that science is ethically neutral is nonsense. Science is on the side of the good; but confused men who are technically accomplished can play the very devil with their fellow-men by the ends which they make science serve. One doesn't have to be very clever to be good, but the good are very much more clever than the merely clever can ever be.

That is part of the story and the message conveyed by Sarton's fascinating account of man's curiosity at work and his desire to lead a better life. Sarton's book is magnificent. We await the other volumes in this noble History of Science with pleasurable anticipation.

Ashley Montagu is Associate Editor of Isis, *the international journal of the history of science, and editor of the Festschrift presented to Dr. Sarton in honor of his sixtieth birthday.*

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A Mighty Blade

THE SCALPEL, THE SWORD. By Ted Allan and Sydney Gordon. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 336 pp. $5.

By MARGUERITE CLARK

READING this absorbing account of Norman Bethune's experiences as surgeon, teacher, critic, and inventor of surgical devices, one is struck by the tremendous medical advances in the last twenty-five years. In 1927 Dr. Bethune was one of the first tuberculosis patients in North America to undergo surgical collapse of the lung in the treatment of his disease; now artificial pneumothorax is routine in almost any tuberculosis sanatorium. In Madrid in 1936 the Canadian doctor, who had joined the cause of the Spanish Loyalists, was the first to organize a successful blood transfusion unit on a battlefield. Today in Korea helicopters fly forward with whole blood to transfuse soldiers within an hour after they are wounded. In China in 1939 Bethune brought a small surgical unit to the front lines and operated under shell-fire. Now in Korea surgery at the front and at evacuation and field hospitals is handled so expertly that the mortality rate among the wounded has been cut to 2.3 per 100 men. (In the First World War it was eight per 100 men; in the Second World War, 4.5 per 100 men.)

Yet in spite of his pioneering zeal in his own science Bethune's death in 1939 came under the most primitive medical conditions. He died in Shansi Province, China, of septicemia, the result of operating on Chinese soldiers without rubber gloves and the lack of sulfa drugs for treatment. In a message to the people of Canada at that time Dr. Richard Brown of Toronto, a medical missionary on duty with Bethune, said, "Norman Bethune boasted that he was a Communist [the doctor had joined the Party in Canada in 1937]; I say he was a saint of God!"

At other times in his short career (he died at forty-nine) this extraordinary man had been called everything from an idealist to a demon. His biography, written with admirable warmth and scientific precision by two fellow Canadians, goes a long way toward explaining the paradox of a man who was at once misunderstood and worshiped.

A descendant of a long line of

Marguerite Clark is editor of the medicine department of Newsweek *and author of "Medicine on the March."*

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ALDOUS HUXLEY

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A convent of nuns possessed by devils; a priest martyred at the orders of Richelieu; a saintly mystic gripped by the demons he challenged . . . the brilliant narrative of a sinister and bloody chapter of history. $4.00

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HARPER & BROTHERS

$5000 Rung Award Novel

THE IRANIAN *by Elizabeth Patton Moss*

This is the story of Akbar, trained in the fierce Moslem tradition, who after his father's murder, became chief of his nomadic mountain tribe. Akbar had problems enough without the disturbing influence of a Book purchased by chance at a caravanserai and the haunting memory of a lovely Persian girl he had seen at an oasis. How the Book led Akbar to the Shah-and to Himayoun makes an absorbing story. $3.00

TEN THOUSAND TOM-TOMS *by Jens Larsen*

Into this narrative of Lepol, the native who spent three years on the coast and went back to the jungle to take civilization and Christianity to his people, is woven an authentic account of jungle life. Here is the mysterious Devil Bush, the dread Human Leopard Society; here are fetishes and witchcraft; here is the jungle in all its mystery. $3.50 *At all book stores*

MUHLENBERG PRESS

Philadelphia, Pa.

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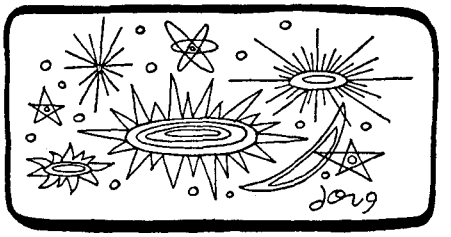
French Huguenots, Bethune, the nonconformist, was born in Gravenhurst, Ontario, in 1890. The year before he got his medical degree from the University of Toronto the First World War broke out, and he enlisted as a stretcher-bearer in the Canadian ambulance corps. Invalided home in 1915, he completed his course, re-enlisted in the Navy as a lieutenant-surgeon, and later was transferred to the Canadian Air Force, where he served as a medical officer.

When Germany surrendered, Bethune was twenty-eight, prematurely gray, baffled, and "looking for something new." He had himself demobilized in England, where he took postgraduate medical work, "accepting the certainty that he would become a great surgeon." In 1923 he married Frances Campbell Penney, daughter of a prominent Edinburgh family, and in the first turbulent years "drank hard, worked hard, lived hard," and eventually helped his wife to go through her inheritance. With their last two hundred pounds the Bethunes settled in Detroit, Michigan, where a thriving surgical practice was interrupted by Bethune's severe lung infection. In despair, he forced Frances to get a divorce and return to Edinburgh, while he retired to the Trudeau Sanatorium at Saranac Lake, New York, to die of tuberculosis. Instead, the quick-minded invalid demanded the then little-known and drastic surgical treatment of his infected lung and recovered completely.

From then on Bethune's sole interest was in pulmonary tuberculosis. After three years of experiment as a thoracic surgeon he went to Montreal, where he became "a successful surgeon, a social lion, an available bachelor," and, according to one of his friends, "a terribly exhausting man to know." He persuaded his former wife to return to Canada and remarry him, but this union failed within a short time and was followed by divorce.

In 1935 Bethune went to Russia, ostensibly to attend a medical congress, actually to study at first-hand the Soviet experiment. Home again, he



became intensely interested in socialized medicine, and the plight of the underprivileged tuberculars in the Province of Quebec. But these activities palled, and at the age of forty-five he gave up his brilliant career and left for Spain to head a medical unit set up by the Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy. This part of Bethune's life as depicted by Ted Allan, who knew him intimately and shared with him the rigors of the Spanish war, is particularly dramatic and at the same time realistic. When Bethune's blood transfusion unit was working well he was sent back to North America to advocate Spain's cause. For seven months he shuttled to and fro between cities in Canada and the United States, "rousing the sleepers" and sparring with the hecklers who called him "a Moscow hireling."

After Spain, China was the next step. When Bethune read of the Japanese bombing of Chinese cities he launched his slogan, "Doctors! Go to the wounded. Don't wait for the wounded to come to you." In January 1938 he left for China under the auspices of the Canadian and American Leagues for Peace and Democracy. In the Yenan province he set up medical centers for wounded civilians and soldiers in cooperation with Chinese doctors of the Eighth Route Army. Of his brilliant medical talents "The Old Man," as he was known, gave freely, adjusting himself quickly to the incredibly poor facilities. "I can operate in a dirty Buddhist temple with a twenty-foot statue of an impassive-faced god staring over my shoulders as easily as in a modern operating room with running water, nice green-glazed walls . . . and a thousand other accessories," he wrote.

Bethune was planning a trip home to collect more funds for Chinese medical relief when an infected finger set off his fatal illness. As he lay dying he wrote to staff headquarters: "The last two years have been the most significant, the most meaningful of my life. I have been happy here . . ."

In the valley in East Shansi the grateful Chinese built a memorial to their intrepid comrade. "The new China will never forget Dr. Bethune," Madame Sun Yat-Sen writes in her touching preface to this biography. "He was one of those who helped us to become free."

ALTHOUGH the autumn flood of books is now ebbing, many more important books of general interest were published this week than we are able to review in this issue. Some outstanding titles are listed. In many cases they will be reviewed in later issues.

ANTOINE LAVOISIER. By Douglas McKie. New York: Henry Schuman. $6. A careful biography of the French scientist, guillotined during the Reign of Terror, who has been called "the father of modern chemistry."

BERNARD SHAW AND MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL: Their Correspondence. Edited by Alan Dent. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5. The first publication of a famous interchange of letters that covered the years 1899 to 1939.

THE COURT OF LAST RESORT. By Erle Stanley Gardner. New York: William Sloane Assoc. $3.50. A factual account of the work done by the Court of Last Resort, an organization of volunteers which investigates the cases of persons believed to have been wrongly convicted or imprisoned.

DEMOCRACY AT BAY: A Diagnosis and a Prognosis. By Felix Somary. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50. An analysis of the crisis of Western democracy by a European economist and businessman.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT: The Apprenticeship. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $6. Roosevelt's life from his birth to his service as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. First of a projected six-volume series.

THE LAST RESORTS. By Cleveland Amory. New York: Harper & Bros. $4. A witty and gossipy history of Newport, Bar Harbor, Palm Beach, and other playgrounds of the rich.

MADELEINE, By André Gide. Translated by Justin O'Brien. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3. Gide's "letter" to his dead wife, explaining their relationship from childhood to her death. Published in France as "Et Nunc Manet in Te."

THE NEW BREED. By Andrew Geer. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50. The Marines' activities in Korea from the summer of 1950 through 1951 reported in corps history style.

PICTURE. By Lillian Ross. New York: Rinehart & Co. $3.50. An account of the making of the film "The Red Badge of Courage." Previously published, in a shorter form, in *The New Yorker*.

THE PLOT TO OVERTHROW CHRISTMAS. By Norman Corwin. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50. A playlet in rhyme published in a form suitable for inexpensive Christmas giving.

A RELUCTANT TRAVELER IN RUSSIA. By Tadeusz Wittlin. New York: Rinehart & Co. $3. Life in a Siberian prison camp as experienced by a Polish novelist.

SECRET TIBET. By Fosco Maraini. New York: Viking Press. $6.50. A travel book describing both the physical and spiritual features of the land.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE RIVAL TRADITIONS. By Alfred Harbage. New York: The Macmillan Co. $6.50. An attempt to present a clear picture of the world—religious, ethical, social, and political—in which Shakespeare lived and worked.

STEPHEN CRANE: An Omnibus. Edited by Robert Wooster Stallman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5. Contains probably the best of Crane's prose plus a few poems. The critical commentary is illuminating.

SWORD AND SWASTIKA. By Telford Taylor. New York: Simon & Schuster. $5. A history of the intrigue and politics of the German and Nazi high command between 1918 and 1940.

THIS IS CHICAGO. By Albert Halper. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $5. A large and varied anthology of writing about Chicago.

UNITED NATIONS AND WORLD COMMUNITY. By A. H. Feller. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.50. An appraisal of the work and opportunities of the United Nations by the general counsel of the organization.

THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION. By Christopher War. New York: The Macmillan Co. $15. An extensive military history of our War of Independence.

THE YUGOSLAVS. By Z. Kostelski. New York: Philosophical Library. $4:75. A discussion of Yugoslav history, religion, art, and society by a patriotic Yugoslav.

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The Poetry of Science

CLAUDE BERNARD AND THE EXPERIMENTAL METHOD IN MEDICINE. By J. M. D. Olmstead and E. Harris Olmstead. New York: Henry Schuman. 277 pp. $4.

By RALPH COLP, JR.

THIS is the most careful and detailed biography in English of Claude Bernard, whom the Encyclopædia Britannica calls "the greatest physiological experimenter that has ever lived." A nineteenth century French doctor, Bernard never practised medicine but spent his life working in a laboratory where he unraveled a series of body functions. Like a thread, one discovery led to another: he began by studying gastric juice and its role in digestion, then he studied other digestive juices showing that the pancreas aided in the digestion of fats. He was especially interested in sugar digestion and made the discovery that animals store sugar in the liver—not as sugar but as glycogen—and from there release it into the blood. Then he discovered that when an animal is injured in the medullary part of the brain it becomes diabetic, its system overloaded with sugar. This injury produced stimulation of the sympathetic nerves and from here Bernard went on to study the nervous control of the blood vessels.

What was the significance of these discoveries? Bernard wrote a book in which he discussed his method of working; scientific investigation, he said, was like hunting—the game was the observed phenomena—sometimes presenting itself when we are looking for it and sometimes when we are not or are looking for another sort of game. His was a mind ever on the alert to assess new facts, and eighty-five years later his book is still read as an exciting model of how discoveries are made. Not facts but the "idea connected with the fact is what really constitutes the discovery," said Bernard.

From these interconnected discoveries Bernard postulated an idea of the nature of life as a whole: the environment we all live in is not the air and water around us but the blood and fluid which bathes all parts of our body, what he called the "internal environment," the world in which all our life functions actually take place. The chief characteristic of this in-

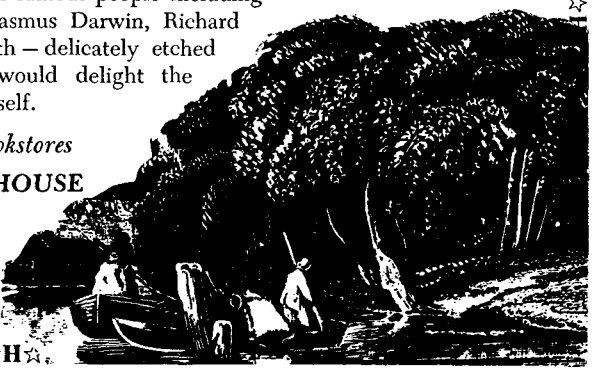
Ralph Colp, Jr., is a member of the staff of the Mount Sinai Hospital, New York.

What Johnson was like — before Boswell took over

DR. JOHNSON'S *Lichfield*

By MARY ALDEN HOPKINS, author of the popular Hannah More

A witty, ironic portrait of Johnson in the years untouched by Boswell – his poverty-stricken youth in the Cathedral town of Lichfield and the fascinating group that later surrounded him: "Tetty" Porter, whom Johnson married . . . two others with whom he carried on heated but platonic "affairs" . . . the clergy with their harrowing wife-troubles . . . Anna Seward, who was amorously entangled with a much-married choirmaster, and other famous people including James Watt, Erasmus Darwin, Richard Lovell Edgeworth – delicately etched vignettes that would delight the good doctor himself.



$4.00 at all bookstores

HASTINGS HOUSE
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New York 22

A gay novel about a suburban matron who suspects her husband of infidelity — *and is tempted to try it herself!*

It's Different for a Woman

By MARY JANE WARD

Author of THE SNAKE PIT

At all bookstores, $3.00 **RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.**

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ternal environment is that it is fixed: all of our vital mechanisms—release of sugar by the liver, digestion of fat by the pancreas, control of blood vessels by the nerves—varied as they are, are interconnected in that they preserve the constancy of the internal environment. If there is a change in direction, reactions take place which tend to restore the balance. This idea of the fixity of the internal environment, put forth in 1876, has dominated physiology since. Discovery of new body functions has further confirmed it. It has given us concepts of the special nature of man: it has been shown that gross variations in the internal environment result not so much in disturbances of organs such as heart, muscles, or kidneys, but in damage to mental functions—ability to concentrate, think logically, or pay attention: thus the intellectual ascendancy of man may be considered a result of the fixity of the internal environment. Fixity of the internal environment may hold the key to future medical discoveries.

In putting forth an idea one must be more than just an alert observer. Sir Michael Foster, in the first English biography of Bernard, says that the great man of science is he who puts forth a "hypothesis." "His must be a sensitive soul ready to vibrate to nature's touches," he must be like a poet in whom "facts light up an illumination;" and Foster said that the responses which in Bernard's "youth found expression in verses, in his maturer and trained mind took on the form of scientific hypotheses."

The Fate of the Future

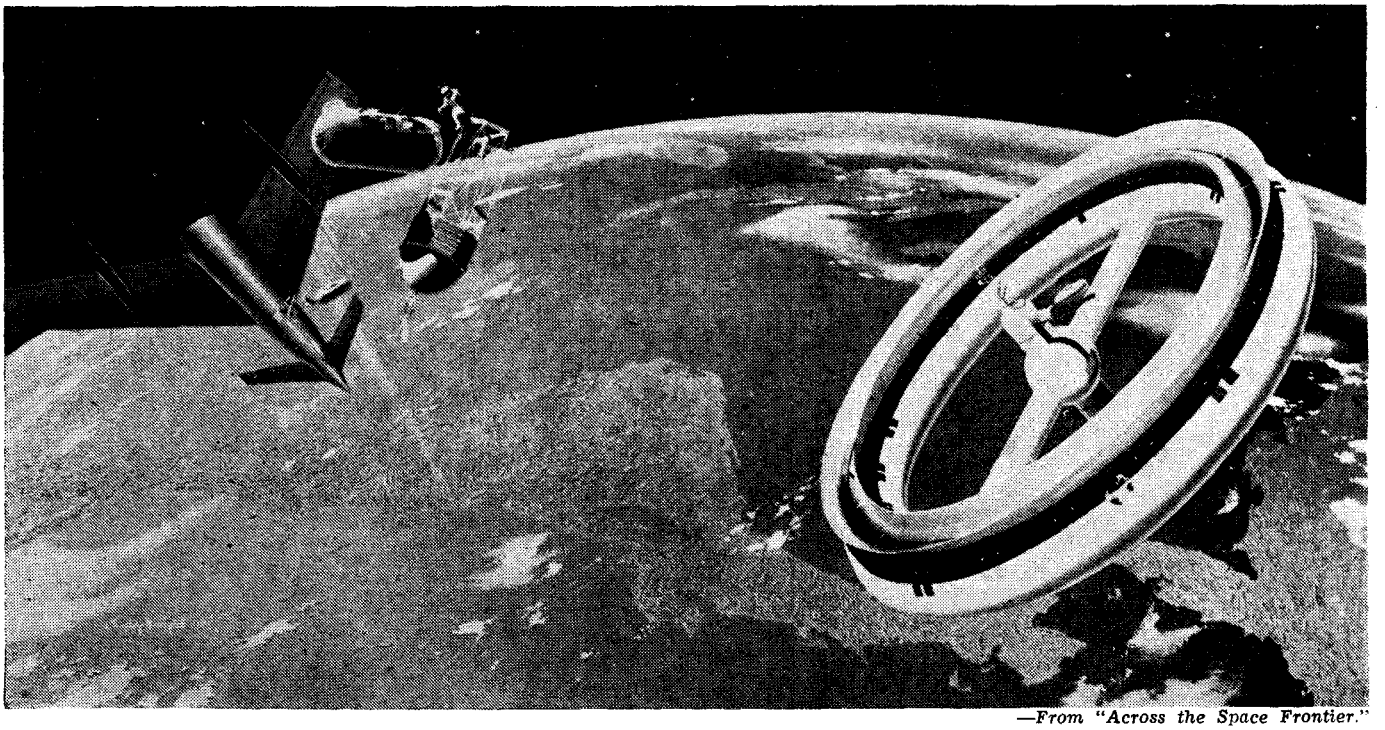
ACROSS THE SPACE FRONTIER. Edited by Cornelius Ryan. New York: The Viking Press. 147 pp. $3.95.

By Peter Ritner

DEPRIVED of uncompromising religious zeal and patriotic sentiment, and fixed in the labyrinth of industrial society, modern man thirsts for enterprises which shall serve as the badge of his future, possess the innocence of a frontier, and justify the dignity of his striving, ambition, and curiosity. Of all the triumphs which science shall put into the hand of man, none shall be so satisfactory as the conquest of space—the expansion of the race out over the dark to the worlds and half-worlds beyond. It is this feature which gives "Across the Space Frontier" its importance, for the book is a space-prospectus, and presents as well some more or less unfamiliar material in compact form.

The book is in the form of a symposium of six specialists which appeared in *Collier's*, in much condensed form, earlier this year. The legal, astronomical, and medical aspects and consequences of space exploration are discussed. (Among other things, it is suggested that an artificial satellite some 1,100 miles above the earth would be the perfect station from which to launch leaflets at our enemies!) Unfortunately, the symposium is a bad form; the experts have a tendency to repeat each other and, at the end, not to tie up the loose ends. But the heart of the book—and nearly half of it in volume—is devoted to the first extended American utterance of the treasure we spirited out of Germany in 1945, Dr. Wernher von Braun, one of the most imaginative engineers alive. As we soon see, it doesn't pay to become annoyed with the immunity of this man who contributed to the terrorization of England. He is simply too expensive a human being to suffer from the dislocations of modern politics.

There seems to be no way of reading von Braun's character from the flat, businesslike English into which he has translated his calculations and speculations. Although apparently not indifferent to the destiny of man, he seems somehow not to own a political dimension; he refers to future wars as he refers to meteor showers, and piously hopes for neither. He constructs, in this book, the most authoritative model of the space-station we have, this artificial satellite located in its own orbit like the moon, neither changing course nor falling nor floating off. Perhaps there are some laymen left who have not learned that the strength of earth's pull near the surface as well as the resistance of our atmosphere—and the effect of these factors on the consumption of fuel—make such a station the indispensable preliminary to interplanetary travel. In any case, von Braun reviews these circumstances, and outlines his model:



—From "Across the Space Frontier."

Space-station hovering 1,075 miles above Central America—"modern man thirsts for enterprises."

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a wheel-shaped disc with its own gravity, algae tanks for oxygen, observatory, solar heating, and all the whatnot of science-fiction.

Dr. Von Braun insists that the knowledge and materials to construct the rockets which will reach out to this orbit and deposit there the men to build the space-station are available to the Government, and that the job could be commenced tomorrow—at an ultimate cost of $4,000,000,000. He certainly does not leave the impression that work *has* commenced on the project already—and he ought to know. If, indeed, development is not being rushed the Government is guilty of a serious oversight, and one which must be set right in the near future. We are spending millions in our guided missile laboratories and proving grounds, but—as is emphasized here again—the findings of the guided missile work possess only limited utility for the space-rocket program, and none at all for the space-station. (As far as the guided missile program is concerned, it is my understanding that the biggest bottleneck is the heat-dissipation apparatus—a problem exasperated in space because of the high-velocity propellants of space-rockets and the weird, unexpected, enormous temperatures recorded in the high stratosphere.) Once the terrible potentiality of one of these space-stations is comprehended, we realize that we cannot permit ourselves not to be the first in space—as we were the first with the atom bomb.

One interesting point omitted from this book is the opinion of Fred L. Whipple which he inserted inconspicuously in his review of Arthur Clarke's "The Exploration of Space" (*SR* July 5) to the effect that journey to the stars will probably always be impossible, because of the vast distances which, even at high speed, would eat up generation after generation of mankind, and because we have never been visited by stellar creatures ourselves. Whipple, one of the contributors to this book, seems to desire the space-station only as an observatory from which he can scrutinize the heavens without the damnable interference of the atmosphere. Nevertheless, after the last three hundred years, it takes a certain courage for a scientist to predict that such-and-such-a-thing is probably impossible. And, while we respect Dr. Whipple, there is no reason for laymen to accept such a prediction. It is true that, as of today, we have no inkling of a technology which could convey a man over a gap of hundreds of light-years in his lifetime. But the history of man stands as proof that the enigmas of nature are as often as helpful as they are malevolent.

BOOKED for TRAVEL

MOONING OVER MIAMI

WE'VE been roughing it on a sandbar known as Miami Beach with 1,500 of the world's foremost vacation planners, gathered here to chat about the holiday business and grouse about the weather. Business looked good, weather awful.

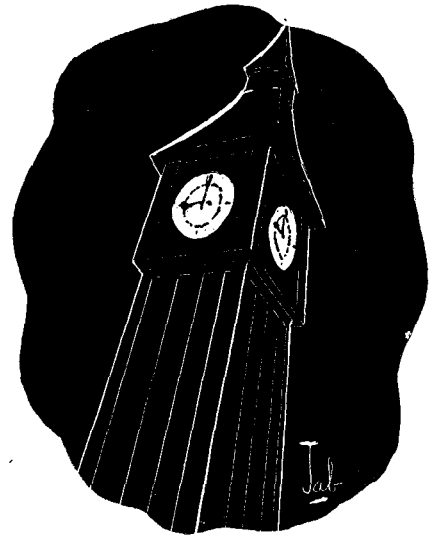
These hardy souls who braved this land of palms, outstretched and overhanging, are delegates to the annual World Travel Congress of ASTA, the American Society of Travel Agents. They hold this conclave every year. Last year they had to go to Paris, a city located on the River Seine, and a couple of years ago they forced themselves to make the pilgrimage to Mexico City.

Here from nearly fifty countries, the delegates are prone to drape themselves in what passes for everyday attire in their own home towns. Hawaiians in frowsy green straw hats with bands of orchid leis have been singing to ukulele plinkings in the Miami coffee shops. A lone Scot strides the tropical walks in the kilt of his clan. A contingent from Bermuda has appeared in coat and tie, long shorts and high socks, as *de rigeur* in Hamilton as a button-down shirt in the Yale Club, only to be denied entrance at one of the Miami Beach hotels.

When the boys got down to business —with the weather so bad there was nothing else to do—they talked of coronations and queens, of Rio and the record tourist year in Europe, of the wonderful facilities of the car-hire industry and the complete inequities of the works of Pat McCarran. Nobody has had a wider range since Tetrazzini.

The coronation of Elizabeth in London in June was called a "burning question" by James Turbayne, manager of the British Travel Association in North America. He said it would be the "largest single event in world history" and he thought more people would see it than any other event yet staged. Among those looking on will be representatives from virtually every country in the world including some from "within the Curtain."

Despite the crowd and the crush Turbayne came out flatly and said, "We will house all American visitors who want to come. I don't pretend that we can get them all a suite at Claridge's, but accommodations and



seats in the stands are still available." The situation now, he said, was like a "crowd trying to get in the railway carriage all at once. Once inside they'll be able to sort themselves out."

Coronation visitors can certainly expect to stay in handy seaside resorts like Brighton, an hour from London by fast train. There will be cruise ships in the Thames for the big week and the Caronia will tie up at Southampton to function as a floating Waldorf.

The possibility was not too remote, either, that some visitors would be staying as far from London as Switzerland. Florian Niederer of the Swiss Tourist Office, here from Zurich for the meetings, said he expected some Americans to seclude themselves in the peace of Zurich and Geneva, fly to Britain for the big events, and return the same night. Mr. Niederer also said that his country had clocked three million foreign visitors in 1952. Americans were the fifth nation in point of numbers, but they were second in the amount of money they spent, an economic curiosity that derives from currency restrictions in some countries rather than from American profligacy. For the winter, Niederer said that Swissair was introducing what he called the "Swiss Ski Sunshine Shpecial," an all inclusive tour that would afford the riders of the slats nine days in Gstaad, a look at Geneva, Bern, and Zurich, all meals and rooms, round-trip air transportation, five skiing lessons, rental of boots, skis, and splints for $645. On the other hand, for those who cared to wrap

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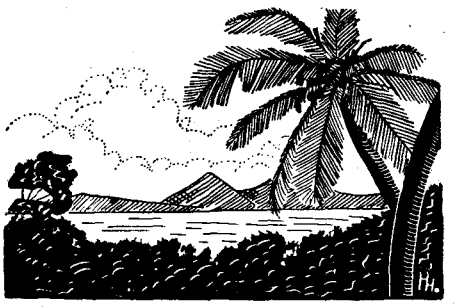

Books About the Caribbean

This list of books which concern the peoples and lands of the Caribbean Sea was originally intended for inclusion in *SR*'s Caribbean Closeup (October 18), but was dropped because of space limitations and is printed now as a supplement to our Caribbean coverage.

ALL THE BEST IN CUBA. By Sydney A. Clark. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3. A travel book giving first-hand impressions and notes on the country's history.

ALL THE BEST IN THE CARIBBEAN. By Sydney A. Clark. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50. A combination of historical background and personal experience.

AMERICAN INTEREST IN CUBA: 1848-1855. By Basil Rauch. New York: Columbia University Press. $4.25. A scholarly study.

BEHOLD THE WEST INDIES. By Amy Oakley. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $4. A travel book.

BLACK MAJESTY. The Life of Christophe King of Haiti. By John W. Vandercook. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.75.

CARIBBEAN. Sea of the New World. By Germán Arciniegas. Translated by Harriet de Onís, New York: Alfed A. Knopf. $5. A colorful history of the Caribbean from the earliest times to the present.

THE CARIBBEAN AT MID-CENTURY. Edited by Alva Curtis Wilgus. Miami: University of Florida Press. $3.50. A collection of scholarly papers by United States and Latin American contributors dealing with a wide range of Caribbean cultural and scientific subject matter.

CARIBBEAN CARAVEL. By Ruth Bryan Owen. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.75. Travel book.

COMPLETE HANDBOOK OF THE VIRGIN ISLANDS. By Stuart Murray. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.75.

CUBA. By Erna Fergusson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.75. Assorted, useful information about land and people.

CUBAN COUNTERPOINT. Tobacco and Sugar. By Fernando Fernández Ortiz. Translated by Harriet de Onís. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $4. Cuban society, economics, politics, and folklore as affected by the tobacco and sugar crops.

DEMOCRACY AND EMPIRE IN THE CARIBBEAN. By Paul Blanshard. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5.

THE EPIC OF LATIN AMERICA. By John A. Crow. New York: Doubleday. $6. A complete history from the Mayas to the present inhabitants.

FREEDOM AND WELFARE IN THE CARIBBEAN. A Colonial Dilemma. By Annette Fox. New York: Harcourt, Brace Co. $3.50. Problems that confront the Caribbean dependencies today.

THE GREAT DAYS OF PIRACY IN THE WEST INDIES. By George Woodbury. New York: W.W. Norton Co. $3.

HIGHWAY ACROSS THE WEST INDIES. By Herbert C. Lanks. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. $2.49.

HOLIDAY IN HAITI. By Hugh B. Cave. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $5.

ISLANDS TO THE WINDWARD. Cruising the Caribbees. By Carleton Mitchell. New York: D. Van Nostrand Co. $12.50. Life and custom in the West Indies with full color and numerous black-and-white illustrations.

THE LAND COLUMBUS LOVED. The Dominican Republic. By Bertita Leonarz Harding. New York: Coward-McCann. $3.75.

LOVE JUNK. By Jeanne Perkins Harman. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3. A young couple's life on a remodelled barge in a Virgin Islands' harbor.

MAGIC ISLAND. By W.B. Seabrook. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.50. Adventures in Haiti through Voodooism and black magic.

THE PENCIL OF GOD. By Pierre and Phillipe Thody-Marcelin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50. A novel of Haiti.

PUERTO RICAN PARADOX. By Vincenzo Petrullo. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. $3. A solid and extremely readable first-hand account of social, economic, and political conditions in Puerto Rico.

PUERTO RICO. Where Americans Meet. By John W. Thompson. New York: Hastings House. $1.75. Travel book.

PUERTO RICO'S ECONOMIC FUTURE. By Harvey S. Perloff. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $6. A study in planning and development.

RENAISSANCE IN HAITI. By Selden Rodman. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. $4.50. A history of Haiti's sudden upsurge in African art.

REPORT ON CUBA. Prepared by the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. $7.50.

RURAL CUBA. By Lowry Nelson. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press. $3.50.

SOUTHERN AMERICAS. By Abel Plenn. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $4.

THE SUGAR ISLANDS. A Caribbean Travelogue. By Alec Waugh. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.

TRAVELLER'S TREE. A Journey Through the Caribbean Islands. By Patrick Leigh Fermor. New York: Harper & Bros. $5.

TRINIDAD VILLAGE. By Melville Jean and Frances Herskovits. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $4.75. A noted anthropologist views Trinidad's society and culture.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE CARIBBEAN. By Dexter Perkins. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $3.50. A study of American foreign policy.

VIRGIN ISLANDS. By Fritz Henle. New York: Hastings House. $3.50.

their own package tours, top-notch hotels like the Palace in St. Moritz, Niederer said, were still charging $12 a day with meals in summer, and two francs more than that—heating charges—in winter.

AN eye-opener to foreigners and Americans alike, forced to commute back and forth between Miami and Miami Beach like fugitives from a bill collector, is the sudden emergence of the car-hire business as a formidable industry. Over 300 cars were in the somewhat unsteady hands of the delegates who had learned their driving in such diverse corners as Trinidad, Jordan, Denmark, Israel, Luxembourg, India, and Paris. They figured to rack up 150,000 miles in five days, or more than all the rental cars in New York State run up in a normal forty-five day period. Of the nation's 23,800 rental cars, 6,100 of them are in South Florida, and 4,460 of these are clustered in Dade County, which takes in the Greater Miami area. It used to cost $75 a week to hire a drive-yourself car, but the price has dropped as low as $31.50 a week. Car rental executives deal almost exclusively in new cars, figure the life of a vehicle is eight months before it is sent to the used car lot. They also figure that the amount of mileage put on a rented car for about $40 in charges for a week's use would cost about $125 in cab fares. Mobile units roam the beach hotels now, servicing and gassing rented cars, and the visitor can even drive his hired hack to the airport, leave the keys at the company's booth, and fly home.

Aside from discoursing on the pleasures and the economics of travel, the delegates also took time to take a cut at U.S. legislation that tended to restrict visas of foreigners seeking to visit America. A vote of sentiment was in the works to empower ASTA's executive committee to dispatch a note of protest where it would do the most good. Although no specific mention was made of the works of the humanitarian from Nevada, there was no doubt that the McCarran Act was a mighty unpopular piece of business among men who believe they can aid the cause of peace through intermingling the world's citizens.

Before the travel men packed their bags for Pakistan, for Belgium, for Japan, for Cyprus, and Holland they lay back on the sands to contemplate an invitation to hold next year's session in Rio de Janeiro. The Brazilians were in Miami with a formidable lobby. Said Adolfo Neves, consul general in Miami, "We extend to you a welcome and open the doors to you in a democratic just like you like it." Jose Tjuras of the Brazilian

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Hotelmen's Association, remembering ASTA's 1951 convention in Paris, lamented the fact that Brazil could offer no French girls. "But we do have Bahianas," he said, "Very hot." And he made a circle with his index finger and thumb and manufactured a big wink. It seems to be an expression that's understood from TV to Tierra del Fuego.

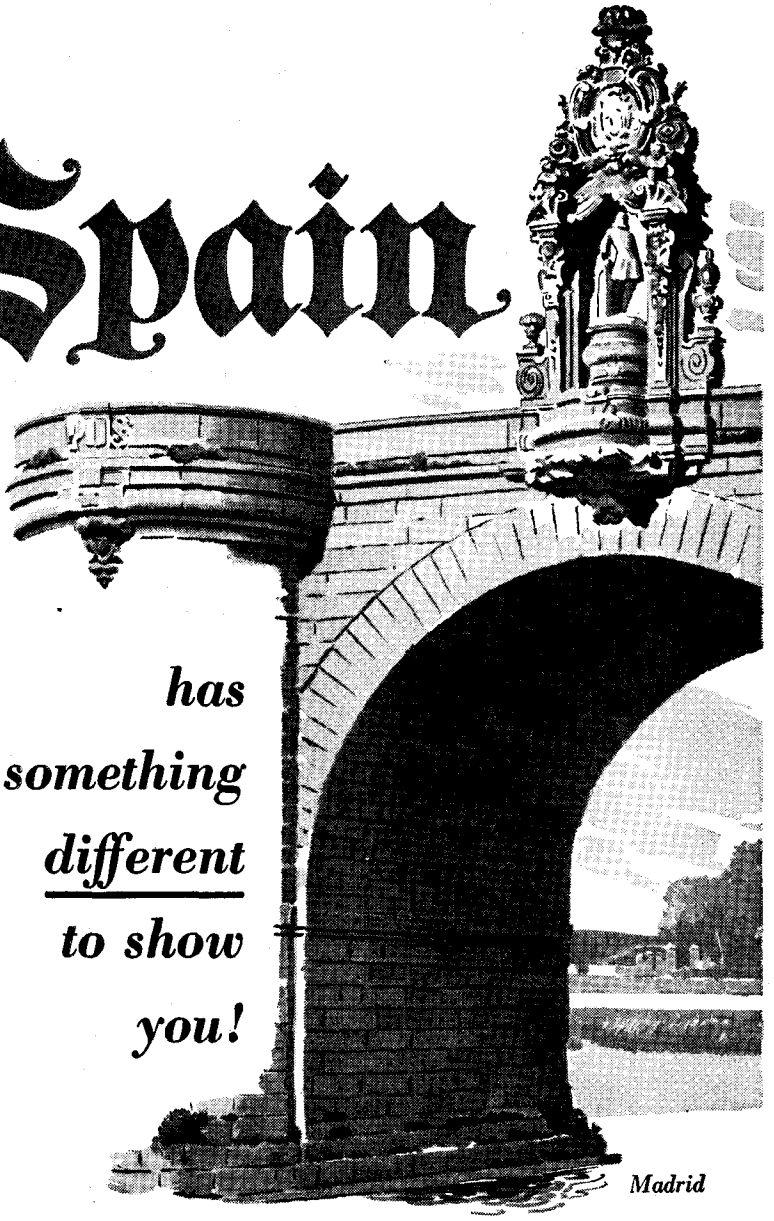
—HORACE SUTTON.

Underseas

By Louis Ginsberg

THE drizzle and the mist
at night
Sink streets beneath a
spectral light
Of tropic underseas . . . like
gauze;
Absolved are all the usual
laws.
Each curious step is an event
Within a fabulous element.
The wavering pavements are
lagoons,
Where street-globes swim like
nebulous moons;
Or where the storefront, darting
signs,
Colored like rubies or like
wines,
Toss salamanders that will
leap
And wriggle in the tropic
deep.
Eerie and phosphorescent,
swish
Autos, like schools of jelly-
fish.
Or, a big truck, a kraken,
shakes;
Or trailer, like sea-dragon,
flakes
Its scales and fiery ringlets
out
To smolder and to blaze about.
There a gas-station's neons
burn,
As if a genie spilled his urn
Of gorgeous, crimson dreams
that spatter
And in the asphalt-waters scatter.
Then all the lights within this sea
Meander also into me
And in the ocean of my mind
Strange deeps in my unconscious
find,
Where sunken dreams and
eerie creatures
Flash by with long-forgotten
features;
Where secret krakens hide in
caves;
Where many a symbolism waves;
Thus, vivid colors all explore
Mysterious deeps unguessed
before.

Spain



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Ideas on Film

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16mm Motion Picture

FAITH ON FILM

A NOT inconsiderable percentage of 16mm production and use today is in the hands of religious organizations. Purposes and achievements differ widely from film to film. In some instances the aim is merely to augment a sectarian program for a predetermined "member" audience already inclined to support the ideas expressed. In other cases the films reach out beyond the limits of sectarianism to involve the general public in a story or issue for which the sponsoring organization has broadly based concern.

Quite obviously it is not the business of this department to investigate sectarian films—since presentation and subject matter are so closely interwoven that a criticism of the first element seems inevitably to imply a criticism of the second. Therefore the attempt has been made to locate films which carry religious themes into the world beyond church and doctrine.

In past consideration of religious films, this department has expressed great disappointment in the cinematic quality of attempts to convey ideas which are among the most inspired and inspiring that mankind has known. Mediocrity in any film is usually at least partly the result of insufficient funds. But more important, it is the result of mass-production thinking whereby films are turned out in great numbers, in long series, in monthly output, to fill a catalogue or a television schedule without sufficient regard to the kind of attention they will command or the obligation to their subject and audience. Time and again it has been shown that one really good film achieves ten times the results of ten mediocre ones. It does require more time, money, talent, and devotion to make a good film, but in my opinion such a film could find the largest audience ever achieved by a 16mm film.

Meanwhile there are bits and pieces —some quite effective in their simplicity (like "Jordan Valley"), some quite dismal (like "Your Neighbor Celebrates"), some superficial in their investigation of human problems (like "Honor Thy Family"), some thoroughgoing and direct (like "We Hold These Truths"). All, quite obviously, would like to do an important job well. Perhaps through this trial-and-error approach they will manage to discover a way.

JORDAN VALLEY. Produced by Associated British Pathé. Distributed by the International Film Bureau, 57 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill. (19 min.) What might be merely a commonplace teaching film in England turns out here to be an exceptionally fine classroom film. This one shows the present landscape and people of the Jordan Valley, from the Sea of Galilee down to the Dead Sea—about sixty-five miles in actual distance, but over 200 miles of incredibly twisted river. The black-and-white photography is sharp and well composed; the narration makes appropriate references to the Old and New Testaments; maps are used amply and intelligently. Highly recommended for all kinds of adult and youth church groups—as well as for various history classes.

MOSES IN EGYPT. Produced by the Broadcasting and Film Commission of the National Council of Churches. Distributed by Religious Film Association, 220 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N. Y. (15 min., color or black-and-white.) This is one of a series of Bible stories made especially for children and using really exceptional marionettes. The costumes alone present as lavish a spectacle as a Cecil B. DeMille epic. Still and all, this seems a reasonably appropriate way for the twentieth century to personify Bible figures for its younger generation. The marionettes and settings are the work of Mabel and Leslie Beaton. Scripts are by Nina Millen. Three series of these Bible story films have been released thus far, telling four New Testament parables, the story of Moses (in three films), and the story of Joseph (in two).

PSALMODY. Produced and distributed by Square Deal Pictures, Pines Bridge Road, Ossining, N. Y. (11 min., color or black-and-white.) Using the pictorial splendor of the world of nature, the film provides an accompanying devotional quietly and movingly read by Dr. Jesse W. Stitt. This is the sort of uncomplicated film that can be successfully used in almost any kind of church-sponsored program.

YOUR NEIGHBOR CELEBRATES. Produced by John Ott Pictures under the auspices of the Anti-Defamation League of the B'nai B'rith. Distributed by Religious Film Association, 220 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N. Y. (27 min., color or black-and-white.) As a rabbi addresses a high-school group and describes the principal Jewish holidays, ceremonies are re-enacted in synagogues and temples as they normally occur in regular religious services. Rosh Hashona, Yom Kippur, Succoth, Pesach, and Shevuoth rituals are presented, but with only the barest style and spirit.

DUST OR DESTINY and GOD OF CREATION. Produced by Irwin A. Moon at the Moody Institute of Science. Distributed by the Moody Bible Institute, 820 N. La Salle St., Chicago 10, Ill. (Each about 40 min., color.) These are two of a series of films generally entitled "Sermons from Science" which draw upon the wonders of nature to inquire whether such diverse marvels as the human eye, the migrations of birds, the radar-like signals of bats, etc., could exist without the controlling power of a divine planner. Most of the scientific material is presented pictorially on an elementary level; the pace is at times too slow for comfort; but the information is essentially fascinating. Short questioning sermons at the end of each film direct them rather conclusively to church and other religious groups.

CHRISTIANITY THROUGH THE EYES OF THE MASTERS. A series of six color films produced by Samuel Bronston and available, for rental only, from Eternal Film Corp., 2 West 46th St., New York 36, N. Y. Six films.

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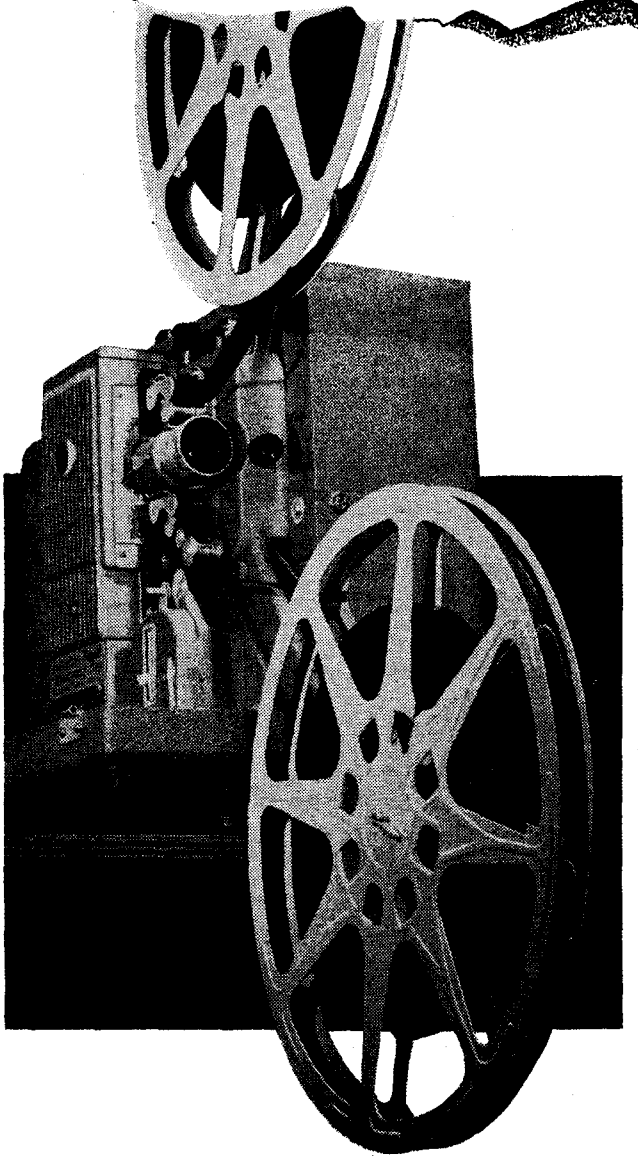

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photographed mainly in Rome and Vatican City, comprise this new series of religious art and works. "St. Peter's Excavations" (20 min.) explores the catacombs of the famous basilica, its old tombs and decorations; then it shows the recently discovered chambers of Constantine's old basilica, upon which St. Peter's was long supposed to have been built. As the excavations continued a specific goal was established: to locate the tomb in which St. Peter himself was buried. Nine different Roman cemeteries have been unearthed, and the search still continues.

"Mosaics—Pictures for Eternity" (22 min.) studies one of the most durable and fascinating of art forms, in which likenesses are created by piecing together bits of colored stone or glass. Many ancient mosaics are shown, and the film concludes by showing present-day work in the Vatican Mosaic Academy where workers use 28,000 different tints in restoring old mosaics or preparing new ones (mostly copies of famous religious paintings) for churches all over the world.

"The Borghese Gallery" (22 min.) tours the seventeenth-century villa of Cardinal Scipio Borghese which today is a public museum where works of Italian sculptors and painters are on exhibit. Bernini, Caravaggio, Veronese, Bronzino, Lotto, Del Sarto, Dosso Dossi, and Raphael are among the artists represented in the film.

All three films were shot in exterior locations where lighting and display were not ideally suited to motion picture photography. The new Eastman color process was used, and its excellence is more readily seen in the outdoor scenes than in the interiors. In each film the commentary is packed full of information, but generally repetitive and florid.

Other titles in the series are "A Story in Stone: Roman Forum" (21 min.), "St. John Lateran, Mother of All Churches" (21 min.), and "Frontiersmen of the Faith" (26 min.)—the latter concerning the training of missionaries at Urban College and their work around the world.

JOURNEY OF FAITH. Produced and distributed, for purchase only, by Official Films, Grand and Linden Avenues, Ridgefield, N. J. For rental consult nearby SR Film Referral Libraries. (16min., kodachrome). This is a close-range picture of Cardinal Spellman's pilgrimage from New York to Rome last year, including the religious regimen on shipboard, a special audience with Pope Pius, a ceremony inside St. Peter's Basilica, and stopovers in Florence, Cannes, and Spain on the return trip. The film is a pleasant and informative record of a religious journey in modern times.

HONOR THY FAMILY. Produced and distributed by Family Films, 8840 W. Olympic Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif. (30 min.) An Italian-American family acts out problems which are in some ways as common to tenth generation Americans as they are to more recent immigrants. Should the son go into father's lucrative junk business or should he be helped to better himself by getting a college education? Should daughter be allowed to retain a butler she hired to impress her fiance and his family? Should papa and mama try to understand that their children need to make their own way in the world? Should everyone try to lend a helping hand to the other? These and several other questions are answered unctuously and ostentatiously by the mysterious butler who had this been a murder mystery might easily have been the culprit.

WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS. Produced by the Broadcasting and Film Commission of the National Council of Churches. Distributed by Religious Film Association, 220 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N. Y. (28 min., color.) A young Negro soldier about to embark for overseas duty takes a few days' tour of Washington, D. C. and New York City—and doesn't at all like what he sees. In the nation's capital, signs of segregation face him in public places and in slums where Negroes are crowded together in filth and poverty. He meets an American Indian who tells him of the segregation he has known, and of the work of church missions in helping improve the welfare of Indians on reservations. In East Harlem the young Negro sees "a festering and forgotten corner of the city," where 250,000 people live in one square mile! Through a friendly white minister he learns of the work of home missions there in helping the tenement residents secure the rights and good-will which in democratic and Christian living are their due. Rather than agitate about the injustices that exist, the film convincingly points out that the aims of brotherly love "will endure in principle until they are true in fact." This sort of level-headed faith and directness is all too rare in religious films. (An equally dynamic picture of church work among Negroes in the South is to be found in "The Color of a Man," available from the same source.)

"We Hold These Truths" is exceptionally well photographed in color by Toge Fujihira. Alan Shilan wrote a commentary which is straightforward and honest in its presentation of bitter reality and earnest hopes. The acting, particularly by the young leading man, is equally convincing. Here is an excellent portrayal of church work at its best.

CHALLENGE OF AFRICA. Produced by Paul F. Heard, Inc., for the National Council of Churches. Distributed by the Religious Film Association, 220 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N. Y. (28 min.) The work of Protestant missions in Africa is presented here in a story concerning the churches' fight against Communism among underprivileged people. The story—of a native boy who goes to the city and is befriended and used by members of the "Freedom Movement" and finally sees the unscrupulous means and ends of his comrades—is merely routine. A marathon narration by Alan Shilin cannot make up in words what is lacking in the film's inherent construction. The best part of the film is its incidental picturization of the city life in Africa, which would make interesting material for discussion in conjunction with "We Hold These Truths."

A TIME FOR GREATNESS. Produced by the American Friends Service Committee and distributed by Association Films, 347 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. (27 min.) Based on the Quaker pamphlet "Steps to Peace," this film has the avowed purpose of expressing moral concern over "present dependence on military force," sharing what Quakers have learned in working with other people, and stimulating discussion of American foreign policy. No one can deny the importance of each of these considerations, and there are few groups today who are in so advantageous a position to bring them to public viewing. The film, unfortunately, falls far short of its potential mark. In speaking boldly for peace and peaceful negotiation of difficulties, it dwells excessively upon the horrors and futilities of war. Most of the shots are old and somehow seem to harken backward instead of forward. Oddly enough, this approach to peace seems more likely to offend and antagonize even its well-wishers than to win new supporters. "A Time for Greatness" is, in the last analysis, a skimpy film. Such important ideas can be put across only in a truly great film. Let's hope the sponsors will try it soon.

—CECILE STARR.

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In Paper Covers

The Saturday Review's Guide to the Best New Reprints

Title & Author	*Subject*	*Critics' Consensus*
BEULAH LAND *H. L. Davis* (Pocket: 25¢)	Chronicle of a long and hazardous journey by two young people (young man and girl) through the Mississippi Valley to "Beulah Land" (Indian territory) in the early nineteenth century.	Highly praised for its vivid and authentic picture of the American frontier; some critics felt it lacked sufficient vitality and dramatic excitement to be a first-rate novel.
BUDDENBROOKS *Thomas Mann* (Pocket: 50¢)	The decline and dissolution of a prosperous, conservative, and respected German merchant family in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter.	One of Mann's earliest and best works, never before available in this country at so modest a price.
THE CARAVAN PASSES *George Tabori* (Signet: 25¢)	Varga, a ship's surgeon, is the unwitting catalyst of a revolt against colonialism in an Oriental port. Revised and abridged from the hardcover edition.	Engrossing, fast-paced, well-written little story.
THE DISENCHANTED *Budd Schulberg* (Bantam: 35¢)	The physical and spiritual disintegration of Manley Halliday, a literary genius of the Twenties, ending his days as a writer of grade-B films. The novel is said to have been inspired by the career of F. Scott Fitzgerald.	Hollywood scenes and people satirized superbly, but Schulberg fails to convince readers of his hero's great and tragic qualities.
THE FACE OF INNOCENCE *William Sansom* (Signet: 25¢)	Amorous intrigue and emotional crisis hidden well beneath the surface of an apparently successful middle-class marriage.	Few contemporary writers in English can match Sansom's effortless, witty style, but his tale slows down a bit at the end.
NO STAR IS LOST *James T. Farrell* (Signet: 50¢)	Continues the story of young Danny O'Neill and his family begun in "A World I Never Made" (also available in a Signet edition at 50¢). The locale is Chicago, the time thirty-five years ago, the characters poor Irish.	The critics hailed a few magnificently done, unforgettable scenes, but complained about the book's lack of unity and overuse of detail.
ONLY THE DEAD KNOW BROOKLYN *Thomas Wolfe* (Signet: 25¢)	Seven short stories ("Men of Old Catawba," "The Four Lost Men," "Circus at Dawn," "The Bums at Sunset," "Only the Dead Know Brooklyn," "Death the Proud Brother," "Gulliver") and an essay, "The Story of a Novel," an account of how Wolfe wrote "Of Time and the River."	Stories, powerful and sprawling; essay, a classic of literary self-analysis.
SONG OF BERNADETTE *Franz Werfel* (Pocket: 35¢)	The story of the French peasant girl who, at Lourdes in 1858, had a vision of a "beautiful lady" which the Church later declared to be a true evocation of the Holy Virgin. Translated by Ludwig Lewisohn.	Beautifully written, excitingly told chronicle of Catholic faith by a distinguished Austrian novelist.
TWO ADOLESCENTS *Alberto Moravia* (Signet: 25¢)	Two psychological stories about young boys, members of well-to-do Italian families, becoming aware of adult emotions. The translations are by Beryl de Zoete and Angus Davidson.	Although Moravia's concern with adolescence is almost entirely for its sexual aspects, he handles his theme with realistic power, delicacy, and a subtle moralism.

RECOMMENDED MYSTERIES:

Puzzles: "Mr. and Mrs. North Meet Murder," by Frances and Richard Lockridge (Avon, 25¢); "The Black-Eyed Stranger," by Charlotte Armstrong (Pocket, 25¢); "Three Doors to Death," by Rex Stout (Dell, 25¢); "The Tragedy of Z," by Ellery Queen (Avon, 25¢).

Suspense: "Judgment on Deltchev," by Eric Ambler (Pocket, 25¢).

Tough: "The Bigger They Come," by A. A. Fair (Erle Stanley Gardner) (Pocket, 25¢); "Turn on the Heat," by A. A. Fair (Dell, 25¢); "Spill the Jackpot," by A. A. Fair (Dell, 25¢).

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

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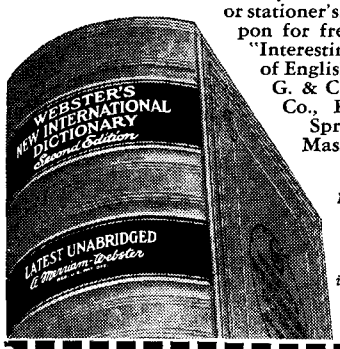

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THE EDITOR & THE GRAPHIC ARTS

(*Continued from page 27*)

the new author. It was pitiful before 1709, when the Statute of Anne came into existence to recognize him as little more than a necessary evil, and has improved very little since then. Now he is the victim of mounting production costs. On this score, a matter of grave concern to the modern editor and to the entire graphic arts lies in a new word recently come into use in editorial judgment of manuscripts. That word is "marginal." It damns with faint praise. It refers to manuscripts of acknowledged talent but without the prospect of earning production costs. A first book, it is argued, must be reasonably sure of a sale of six to eight thousand copies to cover plant and edition investment. The risk involved is great and caution suggests rejection. The consequence is that some gifted young writers lose their opportunity for a first hearing, become discouraged, and turn their talents to other fields. The word "marginal" has condemned and defeated them.

THIS situation represents as much a challenge to the graphic artist as it does to the editor. For his own survival, as well as the writer's and publisher's, the technician in the graphic arts must devise means by which costs of production will come down. One way or another the editors and technicians must find the means of lowering costs without cheapening our books.

A publishing house which does not discover and encourage new talent is moribund. The first books of today's best-known writers entailed great risks. Because production costs were lower twenty years ago, no thought was given to the marginal factor in the first books by Sinclair Lewis, Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner, John Steinbeck, and many others. Somehow or other publishers managed with no great loss to give these men a hearing, and they went on to repay them many times over. Editors and the entire graphic arts must find the means of doing as much for each new generation of beginning writers.

It is all too obvious that far too many of the 11,000 and more titles issued each year in America should not have been published at all. Too many of them die unsung and even unnoticed. Nonetheless, taken all together, they are as true a measure of our culture and our time as any standard available to us. Grandiose as that sounds, it is no exaggeration to insist that the books we bring into being by our collaborative efforts are the most permanent means of recording, evaluating, and continuing our civilization. It is not too romantic to believe that they influence men's minds as much now as they have since 1454, when Gutenberg printed the first Bible. The blandishments of radio and television and all the more spectacular devices used for the communication of ideas have not seriously affected the value and function of books.

The dour words in Ecclesiastes, "Of making many books there is no end," can be paraphrased by the editor and the practitioner of the graphic arts to suggest that there are ever new ends to be sought in the making of many books. Some of these can be achieved if the editor would be willing to learn from the technician and if the technician would stop his high-geared machines long enough to ask what end they are serving.

By working together they can effect some degree of harmony between idea and form, between concept and method, between value and function. This can be done if all their special but interdependent skills and instruments are correlated.

Woman to Man

By Laura Benét

IF you came back, stood near
In gentle peace and pride.
Would you feel happy, dear,
Be satisfied?

Would your enlightened mind
Realize sharp and clear,
My faults you sweetly bore
When you were here?

Would you not think me still
Most unimportant, small,
Grieve I had not arrived
Among the famous tall?

Would you take me aside,
Speak gravely wise,
Warn I might not attain
A mansion in the skies?

Or would you hold me close,
Laugh softly, say, "Because
You are your very self,
There's no restricting clause."

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WIT AS A WEAPON

(*Continued from page 14*)

so similar in so many ways that a joke that has served against one will also do damage to the other.

SOME of the jokes have a leathery durability, and scores were old even when first turned against the Nazis.

As an example of how an anecdote can survive the decades without loss of vigor, and do duty against any quarry that offers itself, there is the story of the schoolboy and the litter of kittens. Not long ago *Time* reported this version as being current in Communist Hungary:

A schoolteacher asked ten-year-old Istvan to compose a sentence containing a dependent clause. "Our cat had ten kittens," said Istvan, "of which all were Communists."

"Excellent," said the teacher. "Exactly right. Be sure you do as well next week when the Government supervisors come."

The following week she asked the prize student the same question. "Our cat," said Istvan, "had ten kittens, of which all were Social Democrats."

"Why, Istvan," cried the teacher, "that's absurd. That's not what you said last week. Last week your kittens were all Communists."

"I know," said Istvan, "but since then their eyes have opened."

In 1944 I used the same joke over Radio Luxemburg, only the kittens that had their eyes opened were Nazis then. In 1877 an "Encyclopaedia of Wit and Wisdom," published in Philadelphia, gave the following version of the same story:

A large Republican meeting was held in Clermont, Ohio, which was attended by a small boy who had four young puppy dogs which he offered for sale. Finally one of the crowd, approaching the boy, asked: "Are these Frémont pups, my son?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then," said he, "I'll take these two."

About a week afterward the Democrats held a meeting at the same place, and among the crowd was to be seen the same chap and his two remaining pups. He tried for hours to obtain a purchaser, and finally was approached by a Democrat and asked: "My little lad, what kind of pups are these you have?"

"They're Buchanan pups, sir."

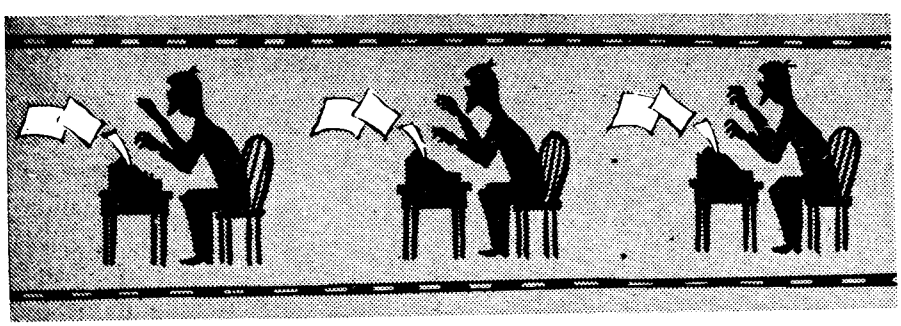
The Republican who had purchased the first two happened to be in hearing, and broke out at the boy:

"See here, you young rascal, didn't you tell me that those pups that I bought of you last week were Frémont pups?"

"Y-e-s, sir," said the young dog-merchant; "but these ain't—they've got their eyes open."

So the ancient complaint of "that's an old one" means nothing in the political war of wits. If the joke packs its little charge of dynamite, if it delivers a sufficient blast at the prevailing system, if it jabs sharply enough under the skin of bureaucrat or *Gauleiter* or commissar, it will be repeated with relish and listened to with satisfaction regardless of age or previous condition of servitude. Considering that the jokes are spur-of-the-moment creations, fired off under pressure and with no time for smoothing and polishing, the remarkable thing is not that some are old and a little flat but that so many are sharp, apt, and deadly.

The totalitarians and their stooges are right to fear this type of humor. Sydney Smith long ago observed that "there are few who would not rather be hated than laughed at." The commissars, like the *Gauleiter* before them, are content to be hated, but they are terrified of laughter, for no one who laughs at them can be wholly deceived, wholly subdued. If we had no other clue to the true feelings of the masses huddled behind the Curtain these jokes would be sufficient proof that not all the threats and thunders of Communism can smother the canny good sense of the people.



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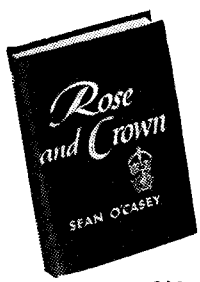

ROSE AND CROWN

This is the fifth volume of O'Casey's autobiography — a work which has been excitedly received by the critics and reading public. *Rose and Crown* takes O'Casey to England where he marries an Irish girl, and makes a home. It covers the dispute with the Abbey Theatre, his row with the clerics and their Press, and the tumult in America about *Within the Gates*. *The New York Times* in an advance review has said ". . . this whirling chronicle of a fiery particle may be his most enduring work." $4.75

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FICTION

(*Continued from page 21*)

Carlo wishes to become a hero, and Gino does become the homosexual who tastes luxury briefly. The women become, somewhat too unexceptionably, what their men want them to become.

The simple and vividly dramatized lives of these young Italians veer as crazily as a barometer in a hurricane. For the first two-thirds of the book, everything is both plausible and illuminating, restrained in both style and action as neither of his other novels is. Then, one regrets to say, everything becomes as unlikely as the prospect of Heaven on earth next Sunday.

Pratolini's wish for an earthly paradise compels him here, as it does in his other books, to make his characters unbelievably agree to wear their "poverty proudly, nail it like a banner over the gateway to the world, and stand united shoulder to shoulder." His commendable though esthetically incredible optimism compels him to reunite Valerio and Marisa in a love he has convincingly demonstrated could never be. Although "The Naked Streets" is better than the other novels Pratolini has published here, and well worth reading by those who do not understand the appeal of Socialism in Europe, still it follows the pattern of a convincing start that leads to an unconvincing conclusion. It Pratolini forgets theory and practises what he very well knows, he will write the novel he has always promised and never fulfilled.

—Jacket design for "The Best of Husbands."

That Ole Tiber

THE BEST OF HUSBANDS. By Alba de Céspedes. Translated by Frances Frenaye. New York: The Macmillan Co. 343 pp. $3.75.

By Thomas G. Bergin

WITH this work the American public will be given the opportunity to make the acquaintance of yet another of the contemporary Italian writers. This is a rather special occasion, too, in that the author is a woman. Let it be said at once and with no false chivalry that Alba de Céspedes does not let the team down. She has given us a novel of substance and feeling, fully up to the high standards set by her masculine compatriots. Frances Frenaye, the translator, has as usual done a first rate job.

The novel is the brief life-story of Alessandra Corteggiani, written in her cell as she awaits sentence for the murder of her husband. She takes us back to her childhood, spent in a struggling middle class quarter of Rome, darkened by her parents' memory of her brother who had drowned just before her birth, lightened by her worship of her mother and the girlish friendship with her frivolous schoolmate, Fulvia. She tells us of her life at school, of her father's taciturnity and of her mother's passionate attachment to a young man of refinement and nobility of character and of how her mother's conflict drove her to throw herself in the Tiber. After which comes a period of retreat in the Abruzzi hills with her father's family and at length her return to Rome and her meeting with Francesco, an anti-Fascist intellectual. And from this point on her story revolves always around Francesco, whom she marries with the ardent hope of participating in his life but whose major interest is the fight against Fascism. By this time the war has begun, and the most perilous days for anti-Fascist conspiracy lie ahead. The cumulative frustrations and exasperations that lead her to kill this "best of husbands" —while still loving him—cannot be summarized; suffice it to say they are depicted with understanding and convincing realism.

There are many good things in this book. One would like to linger on the picture of life in the Abruzzi, austere and matriarchal, or on the pages describing the tensions in Rome during the dark months between Salerno and the liberation of the city, or on one or two of the carefully drawn minor characters. But these and other aspects of the work are dwarfed by the main theme which can be stated simply as the tragic failure of men to understand women. The title in the original ("Dalla parte di lei"—"Her side of the case") brings out its feminism very clearly, as does the remark of one of the characters: "All men are alike and they all bring trouble." It may be argued that Alessandra with her childish mother worship, her aversion to a sullen father, and what seems to be some latent lesbianism in her own make-up is a special case. Yet surely she is not abnormal among sensitive and intelligent women of today in wanting from her husband not so much protection as comradeship, not so privilege plus disregard as respect and interest. Tragedy comes about not because her best of husbands doesn't understand her but because he simply doesn't see that there is anything to understand. Not many wives, we may hope, will react as Alessandra does, but precisely because they won't this is a book for all good husbands to ponder.

Your Literary I.Q.

By John T. Winterich

NEXT TO QUOTED MATTER

Here are ten lines of verse which immediately precede or immediately follow ten lines that are familiar to almost everyone. Identify the familiar line and name the author of the source. Score five points for each half-answer, on which basis eighty up is excellent, seventy good, and sixty moderately disappointing. (In the first five examples, the less familiar line *precedes* the familiar; in the second five, the less familiar line *follows* the familiar.) Answers on page 54.

1. And post o'er land and ocean without rest.
2. Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
3. Await alike the inevitable hour:
4. Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
5. Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
6. Yes, and a single Alif were the clue.
7. That all with one consent praise newborn gawds.
8. Th' eternal years of God are hers.
9. Thou are not my friend, and I'm not thine.
10. Through all the wide Border his steed was the best.

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To Be Rich or Free

TO LIVE AS WE WISH. By Mark Aldanov. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 512 pp. $3.95.

By Oliver Harrison

MARK ALDANOV'S latest novel takes its title from Epictetus's question "Is freedom anything but the right to live as we wish?" It is written in an ironical vein to expose the confusion in the minds of the international set of intellectuals, writers, businessmen, and their followers who are as much at home in Rome or the Riviera as they are in Paris. All of the men and women of his exotic cast of characters are headed in one way or another for the luxuries, the freedom, and the opportunities of America. Yet half of them are glancing back over their shoulders at the vague Communist dream of a kindly dictator who would organize all their lives. They are disgusted with what liberty means in France, where a man can get rich only by cheating the income tax. "You and I will go to the United States," one of them says to his neurotic Russian mistress, "people there have dollars instead of francs and souls instead of rational carbon monoxide." A newly rich French multimillionaire, known as Delaware, who has managed by bribery to keep out of jail, remarks that the only air in life is money. "That is what will break the Communists," he adds. "The young people will not be satisfied with power alone." Another explains that the fellow-travelers and the spies are not altogether to blame. "There are so many in our society who hate it," he says. "They are bored with it and find themselves in a hopeless state. The Communists don't have to look for them. They seek the Communists and are soon enslaved."

The central character is a playright known as Walter Jackson. He is attached to the United Nations in New York, and his real name is Victor Yatsenko. In Paris he is having an affair with Nadia, a luxuriant actress whom he wants for the leading part in his historical play. The play has been bought by a Russian Hollywood producer known as Pembroke who is traveling abroad on business.

Mr. Aldanov's irony is transmuted into bitter satire when he describes the preoccupation of another group of characters with an absurd and abstruse secret society which hopes to save the world with a new philosophy. Sartre and his Existentialism have apparently gone out of fashion and have left a vacuum in French thought. In the end Aldanov gathers all of his ill-assorted characters and places them on a luxury liner headed for New York. They are all permitted to enter the Utopia of easy dollars where presumably they can live as they wish, except the neurotic Russian lady, who is discovered to have heroin and a needle in her possession, to say nothing of three diamonds she is smuggling under her girdle. It is just as well, since an elderly American scientist in possession of forbidden atomic secrets has fallen madly in love with her, and the rest of the cast are aware that she is a Russian spy.

The reader might be more easily persuaded to follow this satirical fantasy to the end if Mr. Aldanov had not been induced to include the entire text of two plays written by Yatsenko, alias Walter Jackson. Together they fill 125 pages of text, and anyone who has the patience to read them can only assume that as a producer Mr. Pembroke is losing his grip. Indeed, the author, too, appears to have lost his grip on "To Live as We Wish" some time before the novel comes to an end, and his desperate expedient of bundling his characters all together on a steamer for New York fails to restore it.

BELOW are listed the new novels and volumes of short stories reviews of which we have been unable to publish this week. We hope soon to give most of them their due.

AUTUMN THUNDER. By Robert Wilder. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50. The tragedy of a football star who never amounted to anything after his college days.

BIG BEVERAGE. By William T. Campbell. Atlanta: Tupper & Love. $3.95. The story of a man who made a fortune from a soft drink. Published by an appropriately located firm.

THE COMPLETE SHORT STORIES OF W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM. New York: Doubleday & Co. $10. Ninety-one short stories in two volumes. The first volume has been available for some time under the title "East and West." The second, containing material never before available under one cover, may be purchased separately for $5.95.

IT'S DIFFERENT FOR A WOMAN. By Mary Jane Ward. New York: Random House. $3. The difficulties of the middle-aged getting reconciled to their years depicted against a Midwest suburban background.

OUT OF THE DUST. By Helen Waren. New York: Crown Publishers. $3. A story of American Jews pioneering in the desert to build the new nation of Israel.

TO LIVE AS WE WISH. By Mark Aldanov. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.95. Emotional storms and soul-searching among the Paris-New York theatrical and financial set.

TOMORROW THE HARVEST. By Viola Paradise. New York: William Morrow & Co. $3.50. A romance laid in New England in the period following the Revolution.

TROY CHIMNEYS. By Margaret Kennedy. New York: Rinehart & Co. $2.75. A highly mannered story of country life in England during the first two decades of the nineteenth century.

Bernard Berenson:

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is an idyll of the sea as sea, as un-Byronic and un-Melvillian as Homer himself, and communicated in a prose as calm and compelling as Homer's verse. No real artist symbolizes or allegorizes—and Hemingway is a real artist—but every real work of art exhales symbols and allegories. So does this short but not small masterpiece."

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Fiction Notes

ANOTHER "GUILTY ATTACHMENT": The homosexual novel is here to stay, for better or for worse. From across the Canadian border comes **"Dark Passions Subdue,"** by Douglas Sanderson (Dodd, Mead, $3), one for the worse. Its main character is a young rich prig who studies at the university, hates his father (a religious maniac), and becomes infatuated with a beautiful, epicurean foreigner. He enters a male triangle, and destroys his rival without winning the prize angle. For amorous variety there is a subplot dealing with an aging nymphomaniac. Most of the characters are mechanical constructions, whose jerky actions and chatter go on and on without much coherence. It is very well to show them ignorant of their motives, but here the author (and hence the reader) shares their ignorance. Duncan, the rival who commits suicide, is the only one with any life or interest, in spite of his melodramatic gyrations. Although brief sections of the novel are satiric, stuffed with cocktail chatter that is brittle or bitchy, it is difficult to be sure where the satiric ends and the serious begins. As though the frame of the story is not bad enough, it is buried under the heavily upholstered style of women's magazine fiction. In our post-Kinsey era, a novel needs more than the theme of a "guilty attachment" to make it worth reading.

—Robert Halsband.

WAT TYLER'S REBELLION: William Woods, whose two earlier novels dealt distinctively with the contemporary scene, has turned to historical fiction in **"Riot at Gravesend"** (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $3) The result is not distinctive though the evidences of Mr. Woods's craftsmanship are still considerable. The peasant revolt of 1381 is the meat of his material, and Mr. Woods has handled these bloody events with a showy brilliance that is often spectacular and always readable. His portrait of the execrated Archbishop of Sudbury is perhaps too favorably shaded, and that of Wat Tyler too darkly drawn, but both are believable figures in his pageant. The love story he has supplied—that of Tom Kybbet for Meg Wyke—is less believable, primarily because he hasn't bothered to make these principals into more than the conventional stereotypes of costume romance. Read this then for its atmosphere and its handling of dramatic action.

—Edward J. Fitzgerald.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "They also serve who only stand and wait" (Milton: "On His Blindness"). 2. "I am a part of all that I have met" (Tennyson: "Ulysses"). 3. "The paths of glory lead but to the grave" (Gray: "Elegy"). 4. "On with the dance! let joy be unconfined" (Byron: "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage"). 5. "To the glory that was Greece" (Poe: "To Helen"). 6. "A Hair perhaps divides the False and True" (Fitz-Gerald: "Rubáiyát"). 7. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin" (Shakespeare: "Troilus and Cressida"). 8. "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again" (Bryant: "The Battle-Field"). 9. "Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home" (Emerson: "Good-bye"). 10. "O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west" (Scott: "Marmion").

FITTING MEMORIAL: What one expects, later in life, from the author of a "high school classic" is a monumental dulness. James Boyd, whose famous novel is "Drums," turns out, of course, to be not that bad in a newly published posthumous collection of ten short stories, **"Old Pines" and Other Stories** (University of North Carolina Press, $3).

Two of the tales are downright poor, one of them dealing with a school teacher who goes to a fiesta in Taos and the other with a fifth-rate writer and the ghost of a poet. The rest of them, all set in the same Southern community, are rendered with grace and variety of style. But they set their own limits and go just that far and no farther, with the result that what one gets from each of them (they somehow do not grow together to singleness) is a lack of inner excitement and a sense of quiet poverty and fallen fortune that do not make up even in bizarreness for what they lack in penetration. Moreover, there is in them a feeling that amounts practically to an author's thesis that the Yankee is a hopeless outlander in the South and that relations as they have stood for years between southern Negroes and whites are just fine.

In a way, this volume stands as a kind of apt memorial to a literary career: it is as quiet and unmoving as the old man in the title story waiting for his old railroad to die or the small town police captain who discharges his duties from a chair set out in the sun and moves only when a prize hound is about to get into trouble or the local doctor who dies trying to pump his own blood into the body of his dead wife.

—Edward Parone.

MAN IN A CONCRETE SHROUD: Harry Cooke, an undertaker, is the protagonist in Robert Travers's grim but engrossing look at big city politics, waterfront racketeering, and trade union struggle, **"A Funeral for Sabella"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50). Sabella had been an honest and successful rank-and-file union fighter against the gangsters who dominated his longshore union until they pumped a few bullets into him, poured concrete around him, and dumped him in the harbor. When some months later his body is accidentally recovered, Harry Cooke—the undertaker called in by the city to cover up for the gangsters—finds himself in the middle of a struggle between the union and the racketeers which opens his eyes to quite a few things. Mr. Travers writes with a controlled power that is impressive and disturbing, and finds time amid considerable tense activity to give us revealing glimpses into the inner workings as well as the outer actions of quite a gallery of nicely realized characters. He obviously feels pretty deeply about his subject and I think he'll take most readers along with him.

—E. J. F.

—Jacket design for "Riot at Gravesend."

FAMILY CHRONICLE: Nova Scotia farm life is superbly pictured in **"The Mountain and the Valley"** (Holt, $3.95). Ernest Buckler imparts integrity, the feel of a deeply loved land, its weather, its forests, highways, and villages, its beautiful detail of moss and mayflower runners, the shadows of the log chain. Against a magnificent and lonesome background, he sets a family of six people—Grandmother Ellen, Martha, and Joseph; the children, Chris, Anna, and David. The story opens with Grandmother Ellen turning over her rug rags: This is a piece of Joseph's coat; this is Martha's apron; these, Chris's first long pants. Ellen, the old woman approaching the end of her life, and David, the young man of thirty now grimly unhappy, are all who are left of the family. When are the others? In a long flashback, covering some twenty years, the

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story of the Canaans is pieced together, as Grandmother Ellen hooks her rug out of old fabric which once took the shapes of children and grandchildren, and so possesses, inherently, emotions and passions almost its own.

In an atmosphere of foreboding, thus early established, the reader feels before he has gone five pages that not very much pleasant is going to happen, that many are going to die; and he is not disappointed. Except for certain charming episodes in the life of the farm, the Canaan family and their neighbors run out a cycle of tragedies, until it seems a wonder indeed that as many as two survive. This need be no defect; perhaps it is not; but that so many should die either physical or psychological death needs more leaven than Mr. Buckler has supplied. His novel seems, at least to this reviewer, to split in excellence: his raw material, his reporting of his countryside and of the bleak, realistic detail of country people's lives, are superbly done. —Ruth Moore.

NEWLYWEDS' FIRST DAY: Margaret H. Freydberg has taken the events of one day as the frame for her novel **"The Bride"** (Harper, $2.75). It's a very important day for Mary and Philip, the first day of their marriage. During it they are to discover a great many things about themselves: how they react differently to different situations, which areas of understanding and misunderstanding are still to be explored, which areas of trust can be accepted, which regions of mistrust still remain. Meanwhile, Mary's parents are having their own problems as they face life without the cherished and sheltered daughter who has occupied so much of their life and thinking. Mrs. Freydberg has constructed a delicate story of relationships which doesn't fully succeed in achieving the emotional intensity aimed for. Partly this is because the character of Philip is not effectively realized. Partly it is because her material gets—in story terms—no dramatic focus. An attempt is made to supply this latter lack by a nicely described storm at sea which provides the book's climax, but it seems an artificial climax. Too, our interest in the fine shadings of feeling which the characters are constantly exploring is constantly being shattered by gaucheries of dialogue which sound completely improbable. "Wow," the heroine is constantly saying.

These faults apart, Mrs. Freydberg's study is a pleasant and often perceptive look at some of the problems that arise as people strive to establish intimate personal relationships.

—Edward J. Fitzgerald.

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LINCOLN

(Continued from page 19)

ern theatre of the conflict, one on Henry W. Halleck in command of the Department of Missouri, and the other on Don Carlos Buell in command of the Department of the Ohio. Halleck could live with only one dream—to unify the two commands under himself—and so the stage was set not only for struggle on farflung battlefields, but also for an internecine war of letter, telegram, and official report between Washington and the two departmental headquarters.

Professor Williams has utilized shrewdly the dramatic elements inherent in this action more often approaching tragedy than comedy. Lincoln's appraisal of the military necessity in the West was adroit; he urged some sort of concerted plan that would both vindicate and capitalize upon the strong pro-Union sentiment in East Tennessee; but Lincoln was more or less hamstrung both by jealousy and hesitation in the West and by a chief-of-staff in McClellan.

Professor Williams follows Grant to Ironton, where Grant proves a match for the Confederate Hardee; then to Paducah, where Bishop Polk knew more about prayer but Grant won out, if only with the devil on his side; and later to Benton, where Grant succeeded in transforming a somewhat routine reconnaisance into a rather neat little engagement. The image of the man emerges. Grant could handle detail and men. Grant was quiet, unassuming, and efficient. Grant could fight, and, what's more, win!

Even though Halleck would some day secure his unified command in the West, and then supplant McClellan in Washington, it is clear to the reader, as it is to Professor Williams, that Grant's is the star of greatness. Buell for a time would seem to have outwitted Halleck when George H. Thomas struck at Mill Springs, but Grant would wrest the victory at Donelson and really for the first time during the war the North would have an idol—true, an idol who almost crumbled on feet of clay at Shiloh—but Vicksburg and lasting fame were ahead.

In taking the war in the West up to Vicksburg, Professor Williams displays the same skill which gave distinction to his earlier volumes about the war in the East. No one handles official records better. He understands that generals write their reports both to conceal and to reveal, and he exhibits great gusto in catching them at either enterprise.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 972

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

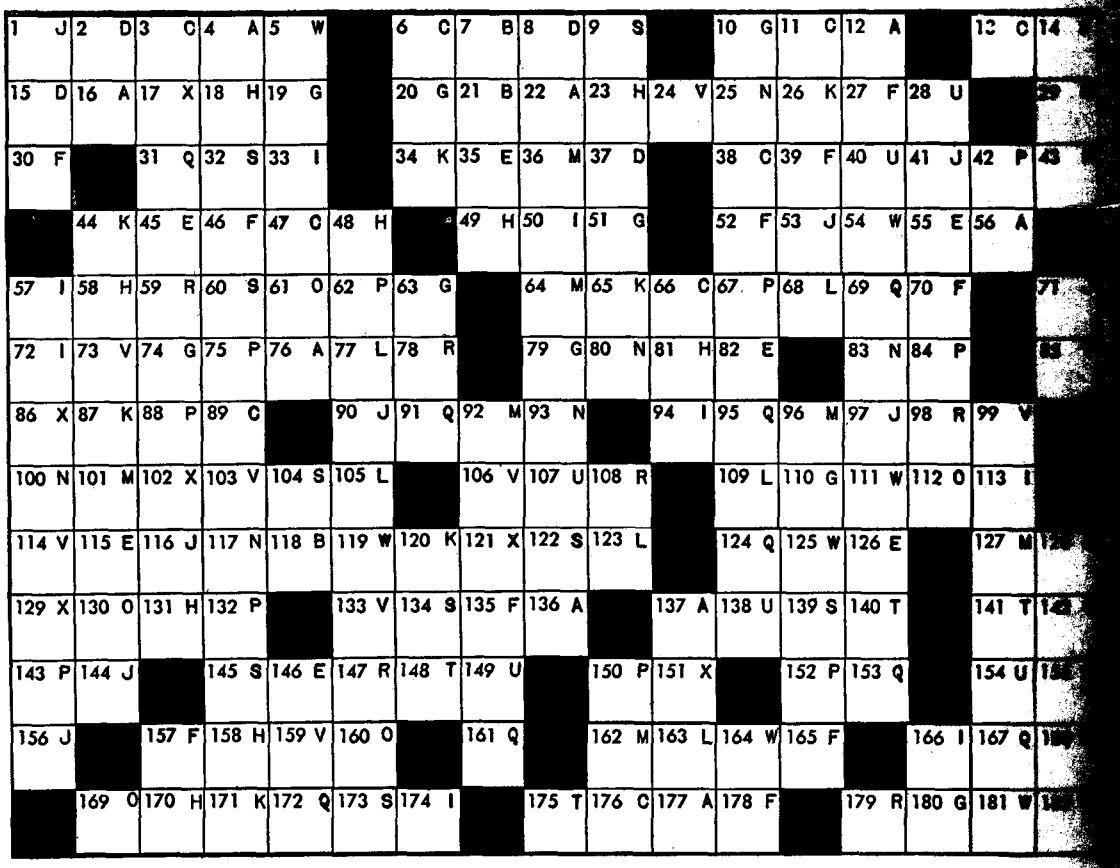
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A *notorious hangman* in England during the seventeenth century (2 wds.).	137 177 4 136 56 12 16 22 76
B. A translucent veined and particolored variety of aragonite from Mexico and southwestern U. S.	27 7 118 21
C. Detectives.	176 66 13 89 38 11 3 47 6
D. What Oliver Cromwell was called by the Royalists.	15 8 2 37
E. Author of "The Cherry Orchard," etc.	55 146 126 82 45 35 115
F. Fickleness.	14 27 70 157 178 52 39 46 30 135 165
G. Realities (with "The"; philos.).	74 79 19 180 51 110 10 20 63
H. Storytellers.	23 170 81 49 158 43 131 58 18 48
I. Things which fall in drops.	166 174 50 57 72 33 113 94
J. Not endowed with perceptions.	97 156 71 116 144 90 128 1 53 41
K. To a greater degree.	34 87 65 44 120 26 171
L. Directs for information or a guaranty of any kind.	109 123 68 77 163 105

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Exceeded by degrees of development.	92 36 64 162 96 101 127
N. Character in "Richard II" and "Henry IV, Pt. II" (Shakespeare).	25 83 93 100 117 80 168
O. Of a double strand or filament.	130 169 112 142 61 160
P. Deductions.	150 152 67 143 132 42 84 88 62
Q. River in Virginia, ultimately forming the York.	172 167 31 124 161 95 153 91 69
R. Act of March 22, 1882, making polygamy a punishable offense.	147 78 179 155 98 59 108
S. Precipitated (chem.; 2 wds.).	145 32 122 173 139 60 134 9 104
T. Scraps; bits.	141 148 175 140
U. Rags.	182 138 107 28 149 40 154
V. *Undecipherable.*	106 73 133 114 99 103 85 159 24
W. Weakly sentimental.	111 164 119 5 54 181 125
X. He collaborated with Karl Marx in the "Communist Manifesto" (1847).	17 129 102 121 86 151

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue

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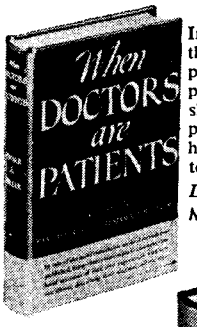

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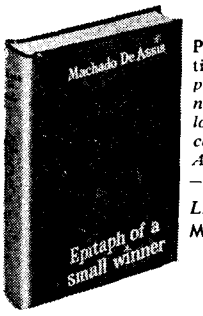

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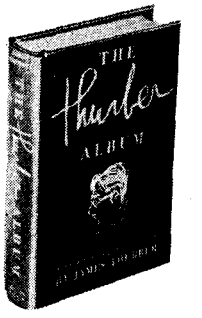

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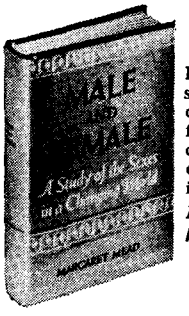

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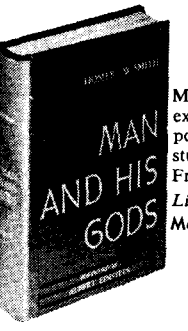

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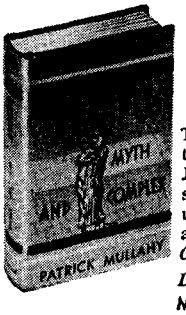

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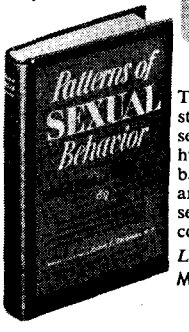

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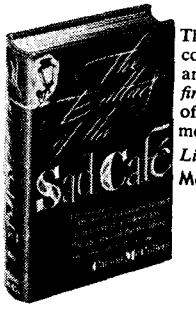

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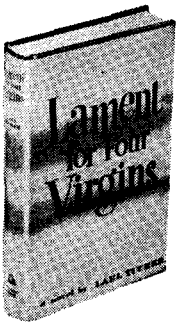

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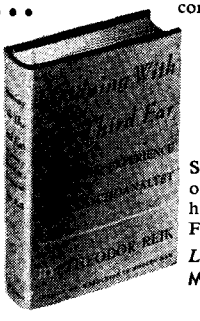

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